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# *JOHANNES OLAF*

BY

ELIZABETH DE WILLE

*TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN*

BY

F. E. BUNNETT.

VOL. III.



LONDON

HENRY S. KING & Co.

65 CORNHILL & 12 PATERNOSTER ROW

1873

249. 9. 153.

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# JOHANNES OLAF.



## *BOOK THE EIGHTH.*



### CHAPTER I.

#### THE VOYAGE.

THE revolution year of 1848 was passing over Europe ; the great storm-wind had penetrated to every height and depth. There was no chamber in which its voice had not sounded, no proud tree-top which had not bent before it, no sluggish swamp which was not stirred by its breath, no river and no brook the waters of which were not agitated by its power. Much sand and chaff had been whirled about, much was too easily seized and carried away by the immense disturbance ; but the battle-cry had sounded ; a mighty storm was in the heavens. Men felt the approaching



Fate; and ready for contest, and certain of victory, they went forth to meet the dark powers with the gleaming weapon of courage.

What a period! and what sad gloomy years followed in its track!

The newspapers were at that time full of the events, which chased each other, like phantoms, in quick succession. It was with great excitement that the travelling party which had arrived in Calcutta looked through the pile of English papers which had been collecting for them.

The expedition had been absent from England more than two-and-a-half years; for eighteen months they had been without tidings from house and home; and in spite of the resources which stand at the disposal of the members of a well-equipped expedition, the travellers had had to endure great privations and hardships. The country at the back of India, from the steppes of Upper Asia, whither at that time the thirst for science had not yet penetrated, had been explored by them for historical and philological purposes. It had been an important period to Johannes. A connecting link in the intellectual life of man, in spite of the differences of civilization and the circumstances of the time, was manifestly established. The stormy feelings with which he had quitted

London and torn off the old bonds, had been calmed under the influence of increased mental activity.

The conduct of the expedition, had been assigned to a man of importance and a scholar of repute: and, with the exception of a few disturbances, which in such close intercourse are scarcely to be avoided, all the members of the party had co-operated in unity in pursuit of the same object. Johannes had had the satisfaction of not seeing himself slighted; his power of work, his faculty of comprehension, and his good-will, were of use both to himself and to others.

The travellers, however, busy in investigating the traces of human culture and wisdom in language, mind, and history, and in searching out the ruins and monuments left from ages gone by, had gradually come to concern themselves but little about the present. While they became acquainted with a religion and mode of thought dating thousands of years back, and every era, with its fearful though profound myths, was compressed into an intangible point in the narrow human brain, in the contemplation of this eternal being and passing away, the age to which they belonged appeared to them but as a moment on the great clock of Time.

Johannes, in spite of the strong inclination to profound intellectual life which marked his nature, had preserved a lively interest in the struggles and efforts of our own time. His journals and studies seemed to him not devoid of value, and he rejoiced in the thought of giving them to his country. When he surveyed his life, it seemed to him that fortune had done immeasurably much for him; it had placed him in a position where there was much to see, to hear, to think of, and to work, so that his passionate nature expended itself and grew calmer.

The gentlemen with whom he travelled had many domestic interests; when letters were long delayed, anxiety and memory were aroused; they talked of returning home, and pleasant hopes and expectations were added to the ambition of science and to the brilliant position which some of them saw before them. Each had left somewhat behind, of which he now and then gladly spoke. Johannes alone was among them like an isolated point; a sense of solitude grew up around him, but it oppressed him not; there were days and hours when a desponding feeling of uneasiness came over him; when he attached himself heartily to the travelling party, he would say to himself that he only belonged to them so long as he was useful

and necessary to them ; yet he turned from the thought when his imagination pictured to him a world of lost happiness and ruined hopes.

Weeks and months had gone by with the travellers, who floated away on the sea of learning, as in some secure ark, in a time of universal agitation. Much was investigated, worked at, striven after. It was a busy life, and yet a sort of dreamlike existence. Johannes wished to live out to the full the life that each day presented ; and he felt that the desire for happiness, such as youth understands it, is the delusion that robs us of our repose. He rejoiced that he had no longer a heart to disturb and divert him, but a head which gathered and retained with miser-like delight, in order to draw the product of its enjoyment from the treasure gained.

They would have remained still longer on their wanderings, if the illness of the leader of the expedition had not obliged them to seek rest and refreshment for him in Calcutta, and here they found tidings from Europe. With great excitement Johannes read of all that was taking place in Germany. All that for years had been the desire and the hope, and the violently expressed will of the nation, all that had beamed forth to men as the prize and aim in the wars of de-

liverance and in the shaking off of the foreign yoke, now rose to arms everywhere and in every end and corner of the great German kingdom, and demanded its right! The dismembered limbs strove for unity. He would have been no man, no human being, who was not carried away with enthusiasm at the events occurring in Germany! 'What part canst thou take in it? thou art hundreds of miles away; before thou comest there, it will be all over, and they will have settled it without thee.' Such was the language of cool reflection; but he had none to whom he had to pay regard, and he stood by himself alone. The struggle for Holstein allured him. 'We will reach to the sea,' he thought; 'there is the door of the house; hitherto we have not been able to go in and out at will.' The aspect of things was bad enough according to the last accounts, but still Parliament was sitting. The very scorn and ridicule of the English papers with regard to the great national movement goaded him and made his blood boil. 'What was he going to do in Germany?' asked the gentleman with whom he was travelling. He would find that all would soon tame down and be brought back into the old order; the equilibrium of Europe, the repose of all existing governments, depended on the re-

storation of the old state of things. On all sides he heard this discussed, represented, proved. It overwhelmed his heart ; it left him no rest ! Not yet had matters reached the point the adversaries desired ! The great German nation would not be sent back like some naughty but improving child, to submission, passiveness and obedience. They had gone through too much already, and had gained too much power in themselves ; for years the fermentation had been going on in the popular mind. He did not believe in the possibility of a reaction ; he felt like one who knows there is a fire in his parent's house, or who hears that thieves are breaking into the dwelling of some beloved friend and carrying away the sacred treasures. The individual man cannot help much ; he did not deceive himself in this respect ; but nevertheless he felt impelled to go ; he could not bear to sit at ease at the well-spread table among foreigners, eating and drinking his fill, and conversing or disputing with them over the labours and experiences of his own people. His conscience would not allow him to do it ; he would use his arms, perhaps his judgment ; and if nothing else were possible, if he could not attack the foe, he would at least have attempted to do so, and would achieve it at last.

The Englishmen who in their self-conscious security carry their heads high as a political nation, were astonished at what they heard from Johannes. They had thought that the German of our own day really needs no fatherland, only oneness in language and in supremacy of mind ; that the greatness of the German lay in the boldness of abstract thought, that is alarmed at no inductions. The German mind had indulged in such subtle speculations upon itself and its nature, in various pamphlets and papers, that the English scholar was not to be blamed when he regarded the German as an element of culture like the old Greeks, who, having perished as a political nation, still ever retained their importance for the world in general. Johannes now showed himself to be a German in heart and soul, to whom the Fatherland signified nothing less than England to the Englishman ; and with emotion the leader of the expedition gave him his discharge, and saw him on board a vessel lying in the harbour ready to sail for London. The advantages which he left behind were too apparent for any one not to esteem the earnestness of his feelings. His property and possessions were limited to a small sum which he had put aside from his salary during the journey ; but his manuscripts, which he intended to

arrange during the voyage, entitled him to some expectations. He was to take over letters and papers to the scientific society in London. The scholar, who wished well to Johannes, had in one paper drawn special attention to his journals, and had recommended them for translation and publication.



## CHAPTER II.

## IN LONDON.

IT was in the November of the year 1849 that the vessel entered the East India Docks, and Johannes once more landed in London. Even on the way his enthusiasm had flagged and had lost its energy. At the Cape, while the vessel had stopped to take in water, he had found newspapers up to a late date ; and from the daily articles he could gather much as to the events and circumstances befalling his own nation. He found none but English papers there ; but he felt himself pained and hurt by what he read, and by the remarks of the writer, which formed a sort of chorus for the explanation of the great drama. He read of the Judas kiss at Friedericia, of the street tumult at Dresden, and of the bloody revolt at Baden. Prussian troops were the executioners of their own brothers ! In Vienna, the Croats were the restorers of repose and order ; Hungary lay at the feet of the emperor. In France the fear of a reign of terror had long utterly crushed

all freedom. The dread name of Napoleon again appeared, and passed from lip to lip. In Berlin, hypocrisy was carried to the very altar raised to liberty in the fear and distress of the time. Nothing was to have progress or endurance which had been based on the will or the elevation of the people. Johannes read how the English minister had refused to recognise the black and red and gold flag, and had likened it to that of a pirate which had no right of nations on the seas; and once this very flag had headed the hosts of the empire! Was this the end of the great movement of the time? 'It is a law of history,' thought Johannes, 'that what is to endure does not at the outset obtain form and vitality. The cannon-ball alone goes straight through and strikes at its goal.'

In Schleswig Holstein, however, the people were still in arms, and the duchies still held faithfully together. The helpers and protectors of the German league had withdrawn; the other side of the river was no federal land with Germany, but the duchies might perhaps issue victoriously from the conflict, and diplomacy would have easier work in definitely arranging affairs with Denmark. The duchies weather the storm, like sailors who, on some clumsy and leaking vessel, stuff up the

holes, and with manly effort keep themselves above water. Johannes determined to go to Schleswig Holstein. The Friesland islands, which are ancient German lands, although they scarcely knew it themselves, at least not at that time, were his home.

When he arrived in London, he learned that in the duchies also there was a cessation of arms till the following spring.

For the time he had matters of his own to attend to. He had to deliver his letters to the scientific society, and he found himself well received. Lord Arthur was still ever named as his noble patron.

He hired a small dwelling, and went to work. He had given over his journals to the society, and it was placed before him as a duty that he should superintend their translation. It was wished that his by no means insignificant knowledge of English should be developed into a perfect mastery of the language, so that he might become naturalised in this country, and exercise his talents in it.

The work advanced without difficulty. After having looked through some sheets, Johannes found himself in the pleasant position of being able to give his work over to the society, either for publication or for their own use, as they

should deem best. Letters had arrived announcing the return of the travellers, for the leader of the expedition had become so ill that he was obliged to retire from the pernicious effects of the hot climate.

Johannes had received a considerable sum for his manuscript ; and the post of librarian to the society, which became vacant in the height of the summer, was to remain open for him, as at the end of February, the suspension of arms having ceased, he declared his intention of making a short journey to Germany in order to see whether his services as physician could be available in the Holstein army. Though by no means distinguished in this his true branch of science, and without practice, he knew that he should fill the post as well as many who are appointed in a time of need.

‘ You will soon return,’ they said to him when he took his leave. Johannes might still see Lord Arthur before his departure. Parliament was to meet in the end of February. He had exchanged a few letters with the Count von der Goerde, and had promised to visit him in East Friesland. The Count had had some family sorrow, and was therefore spending the winter at his castle. There was at that time little amusement going on at the

Hanoverian court, which he otherwise liked now and then to visit.

Lord Arthur was not in London when Johannes arrived. From the newspapers he had met with on the voyage, he had gained a general outline of his proceedings. The name of the young peer had often appeared in the discussions of the Upper House. Firmly and proudly he had taken his position. He was an opponent of the Whig ministry; he had come forward with the intolerance of youth, and had been sharply repulsed by a personage of importance. From all this it was evident that he was considered worth the trouble of opposing or winning over. Arthur possessed no versatile talent. On the platform on which he stood, amid the struggle of parties, in the cautious game in which power and importance are the prize, a cool head, and a heart not too warm, is an advantage. Johannes remembered how the Count had assigned these qualities to his son. In the newspapers he had also read that Arthur had spent the previous winter at Madeira. The physicians had advised him to meet at the outset, with some strong measure, a tendency to consumption, which a very cold winter would have developed in him; it was now said that he had perfectly recovered. Johannes remembered

how the Count had often reminded his son that *his* mother had died of consumption, and that with all the fortune and splendour he had inherited from her, he might have inherited also this germ of suffering.

Johannes sent in his card to Lord Arthur, when, some days before his departure, he saw the house, with its proud armorial bearings, again opened, the doors and shutters hitherto having been firmly closed.

---

It was a strange meeting, after not having seen each other for some years. Johannes sat opposite Lord Arthur with mingled feelings. They had lived together long, and almost intimately; suddenly a cleft had come between them, which he could not pass. Even Arthur's voice sounded strange to him. Had he known this man, or had he been deceived when he had been under the delusion that he was dear to him? Who has another dear on earth? 'Is it nothing but concealed egotism which makes men appear to each other as if one were agreeable to the other? They need but to turn the back, and then friendship breaks forth in blame and depreciation! And he himself—he had loved this youth; he

loved him still, but they pressed not each other's hands; they had nothing in common with each other—views of life, object, aim—all utterly different—only *one* point of contact; and here burned, just *here*, all the fire of their nature. Did Lord Arthur know of this secret connexion? It was evident, from the Count's loquacious manner. They had a common centre of absorption, only probably with this difference, that one took with difficulty what the other received lightly. The force of nature had led the one to fatal love; the gods had thrown playfully a lovely treasure into the hands of the other; and when it faded, he threw it away like a rose that has lost its colour and its fragrance.

They had spoken on various subjects, matters which did not personally concern them; they might equally well have read aloud to each other. Not the slightest allusion did Lord Arthur make to Johannes' departure, or the sudden unaccountable breaking off of their connexion three years before. What had become of Maria? Johannes knew no one in London who could have given information about her; she was, perhaps, still living under Arthur's protection. And even had he had opportunity, he would not have asked after her; he had no longer any interest in her

and her mortal pilgrimage. When he thought of the past, his reason told him what hindrances and impediments would have lain in his way with her. Reason is one-sided in judgment, and knows not how the roots of our life find nourishment here and there. Johannes also knew not that, deep within him, where the riddles of his being were awaiting their solution, there was somewhat which never ceased to pray for her and to mourn for her!

Lord Arthur would not let his old acquaintance go, when he rose to take his leave. He must remain and dine with him; it seemed as if Lord Arthur were seeking a pretext for detaining him longer. They began to talk of Johannes' immediate plans. Lord Arthur expressed himself most politely upon the events of the last year, until Johannes felt all his blood rush to his heart; and yet he could not deny the truth of the facts. The nobleman considered voluntary service a folly, when a man of cultivation, who can do *more* for the world, takes it upon himself. When such a man takes his musket in hand, with all his enthusiasm, he only enters into competition with one of the many poor devils who want bread and discipline, and who are everywhere to be picked up in the streets. The nobleman expressed his



views on the Holstein movement; praised the valour and endurance of the little Danish nation, who inspired him with esteem: it was like the contest of the little David with the giant Goliath!

No understanding, no reconciliation of ideas, was here possible. Johannes was obliged to put a constraint upon himself, in order not with noisy vehemence to take part in the refined and sometimes discordant dinner conversation; feeling almost like a schoolboy, who would provoke a quarrel for the honour of his class. As he did not choose to speak with vehement freedom, he endeavoured to wound the other with politeness. Arthur looked at him now and then inquiringly, and almost with astonishment, as though he wished to know whether he had to make a new acquaintance. The nobleman seemed, however, not to be able to leave the subject of German misery and German disorder. 'The revolution in England, some hundred years ago, did its work otherwise,' he said, 'than the present one in Germany.'

'And yet we took the lead,' said Johannes, rising, before Arthur had concluded the repast. 'The Reformation is the beginning from which our age reckons. In the Middle Ages we began our contest with the papacy; our emperors took it up

in the pride of power ; the men of the German nation concluded it in another manner : they fought for the right of freedom of mind, for conscience—and still in our conscience we inscribe the word of freedom ! In our religious wars we lost too much blood and power ; the heavy pressure lasted too long ; our citizens had no more money, and therefore no power ; these are commonplaces ; I know it ! We have come down, like a rich man impoverished, and who grasps all the more vigorously at the resources still left at his disposal, in his reason and his healthful frame. Those who from the first have been thrown upon these have exercised them and get on the easier.’

Lord Arthur smiled politely. When they were saying good bye, after dinner, he casually, as it were, took a small medallion from a case standing on his writing-table. It represented a child a little more than a year old—an angelic little head, with fair curls and large blue eyes ; Arthur himself must have looked like it, when he was a child. As Johannes laid the picture down again, he said, in Shakespeare’s words :—

From fairest creatures we desire increase,  
That thereby beauty’s rose might never die.

‘ You remember our farewell in Genoa,’ said the nobleman ; ‘ it is actually four years ago ! This

is all that is left *me* of that history. The boy died of scarlet fever. It touched me deeply; I could never forget that face. The mother fared well with me, as few of her like have done; as *all* her like, she will end.'

Lord Arthur indifferently replaced the picture in its case, and wished Johannes a pleasant journey. A passing flush had risen to his face, and his eyes for a moment were almost too bright.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE HOTEL-KEEPER'S WIFE.

THE rain was drizzling down, damp and cold. What we call an open winter in North Germany has much fog, damp, coughing, sneezing and other miseries in its train. A healthy frost seems to suit men better.

What a dull road and tedious drive, what a shaking and rattling in the post-diligence, through the long night! The old post arrangements were here still in force. Johannes was seated in a coach with leather curtains, which, shutting out all view during the day, left the occupant in darkness, and like a gutter conducted the water from the sky into his lap or on his feet, till the straw, which had been spread for the convenience of the traveller, had become thoroughly damp. He had come by Ostend, travelling through Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne; and two Polish Jews, who were travelling for the fur trade, were seated beside him, for the railroad at that time only went as far as Cologne. Johannes had in-

tended going by Osnabrück, in order to take the nearest way to the Count's estate ; but everything in that direction was under water, and all traffic was interrupted in its regular course. But in Hanover, also, the arrival and departure of the post-diligences did not correspond.

The day was just dawning when they arrived. It was the middle of February. In front of the post-house the passengers were standing in the street, and the diligence did not proceed on to Aurich for two hours. Johannes left his luggage at the entrance of the post-house, for he was booked to go on, and he went out to look for some inn where he could have some coffee. Here and there a lantern was still burning in the streets ; the night's rain had somewhat abated, but the atmosphere looked grey and gloomy. The doors of some of the houses were open, and the shutters of small shops were being taken down ; a few carts and waggons were passing through the desolate streets. There was something wearisome about the town. He had taken the wrong direction, and came into one of the better streets, but not in the market-place, where he had been directed to an hotel. Suddenly he found himself in an open avenue ; before him stood the theatre ; and he caught sight of a shop, the door of which

was open. It was a café; the front was shut in with glass windows, and there were some small rooms adjoining. At the back of the building was a large apartment, all the windows of which were open, as if to let out the smoke and dust, and the smell of punch and wine of the preceding night. A splendid buffet, on which cakes and wines stood among tall vases filled with dusty faded flowers; ottomans and arm-chairs covered with worn-out red velvet; a mirror with gilt frame, but hazy and dirty—might have presented an appearance brilliant enough in the gaslight, which had nothing here to injure. '*Réunion du beau monde*,' so the noble establishment was styled on the cards and bills of fare, which hung against the wall, for the protection of the guests from the possible extortion of the waiters.

Johannes was shown into a small room adjoining the large apartment, and looking out on the courtyard. It was a long narrow paved yard, lying between two buildings, so that only a little air reached it; opposite the window at which he sat was the kitchen. The coffee was good, a bright fire was burning in the stove; but the waiter had left the door of the large apartment open, and Johannes' eye fell on a woman who had just come in, and who was busy sweeping up the dust with a

long broom. He could not see her face, for her back was turned to him. Her figure was supple and elastic, but the shoes on the beautifully-formed feet were down at heel, and over a light silk petticoat torn at the hem, a worn-out Cashmere shawl was fastened round her waist and shoulders.

‘What a blockhead! None but the idlest of the idle, and a goose into the bargain, can do things in that way! Sweep, so that the dust flies! Get rid of the customers who come in, not even shutting the door when a gentleman is sitting close by and drinking coffee!’

It was a loud and angry voice. ‘I did not know,’ was the shy answer.

‘When my son comes to nothing here, you will be knowing *nothing*,’ was the answer. ‘You would ruin any business.’

The door of the large apartment had been already closed, and after some time the woman who had been sweeping went, with her broom in her hand, down the courtyard.

‘You had better here sweep away everything at once,’ began the hard voice again; and Johannes, looking through the window, saw a tall, thin old woman, following the slender figure. When she approached the kitchen, the strong woman turned round again.

‘Bad enough that you are no use for anything else,’ said the angry voice; ‘you sleep too long; a good housewife would have set the maids to work already. Whatever you do is done so that it is of no use!’ And the old woman snatched the broom from her hand, and showed the young one how she ought to take hold of it and sweep. Her face, as she did so, was yellow with anger and annoyance. Then she went into the kitchen, banging the door behind her, and throwing open the window on account of the smoke. Johannes heard her tell the maid-servant at the fire that the wife was the worst thing in the house.

The young woman stood leaning on her broom. The old scold was right; she was not skilful at the work; instead of sweeping it away, she made the dust rise in a perfect cloud. She was standing against a partition near the kitchen, so that they could not see her form within. Johannes had thrown up the window, which had curtains of some transparent material. The woman turned her head, as if the noise had attracted her attention, and her face caught his eye. Phantom-like, it awoke within him a dread remembrance. It was a pale bloodless image of the woman whose bloom and beauty flowed in his soul like the memory of an eternal spring! Was it really



she? Had Maria come to *this*? For the dark eyes of the pale face, with its hair emerging from the thick cap, fixed themselves upon him! Suddenly she turned round and had vanished.

He remained for a time sitting at the same place. The adjoining apartment had meanwhile been cleared up and put in order. A lady, who seemed to preside at the buffet, walked through the room with rustling garments, brought the customer a cigar with the smile of a Sultana, and invited him to come into the large apartment, which was now heated. Once again he saw the pale shadowy figure at the doorway. Fearful, pursued, half confused, she flew to and fro; she looked shyly towards him. Beside her now stood a man. Was Johannes the object of *his* glance also?

The rain was pouring down in torrents, otherwise he would have gone at once. The situation of things, however, here was plain enough. Maria was married. The host of the establishment was her husband. She had been ill, so that her appearance was much altered. She was still strangely beautiful, but no longer herself!

Johannes thought to himself, ' Fate has therefore concluded with us two. *She* is the wife of an

hotel-keeper in a respectable position ; *I* am to be a librarian, and if my salary is not sufficient, I shall marry a wife with some money. Fate has provided for us in order to help us to this judicious termination ! ’

The rain was now less violent. He could go ; and until the post-diligence started, he could look about the town. His watch seldom went accurately, he had too often forgotten to wind it up ; thus he arrived on this day, also, too soon for the post. The coach was just being laden with the luggage of the travellers. Inspecting his own box, which was still in the doorway, stood the man whom he had seen with the pale woman. He accosted him as ‘Herr Doctor.’ Here on the box he had read the name of the honoured customer who had unfortunately at so early an hour in the morning found everything in disorder. An officer’s corps had supped with him, he said, and the house had been late in consequence. It was a bad journey, he remarked, to Anrich in such weather, and the road would be very bad also to the estate of the Count. He should like to be recommended to the favour of the Count ; the Count would scarcely remember him. And the host held out to Johannes the card which was

intended to bring the new possessor of an old establishment to the remembrance of the fashionable world. Johannes looked at the man who had investigated his movements. He had seen him somewhere before. His appearance was repulsive; he had the false-sounding manner of speaking, and the affected ease, with which common people think to imitate the elegant man of the world. He was rather a handsome man, tall and strong limbed, dressed in the last fashion, but fat and well fed as a capon ready to be killed. The man seemed to think a good deal of himself; he kept twisting his black moustache or playing with his thick gold watch-chain, or giving a glance of admiration at the large diamond in his ring. One glove he had drawn off, and he looked at the thick signet-ring with its engraved coat of arms which he wore on his thumb, like a chancellor. 'The Count von der Goerde will perhaps remember me, I have seen better days and was born to other things; I beg you to give him my humble respects,' he said with a low reverence as Johannes took his place in the post-chaise.

What had the man really wanted? It looked almost as if he had wished to know where

Johannes was going. Was it possible that Maria . . . how had she come into contact with that low infamous countenance?

Johannes felt, from the kind of pity with which she inspired him, how much he was, after all, inwardly changed.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE COUNT'S STORY.

THE Count von der Goerde had gone through a severe attack of gout. Johannes was astonished at the change which had taken place in the castle and garden, but still more with that which marked the person of the proprietor. While the former had improved, and looked elegant and comfortable under the direction of the pleasant lady who bore the dignity of mistress of the house, a kind of decline, on the contrary, had come over the master. He had grown thin, and was visibly older. The arts of the toilette in the remedies of rejuvenescence contributed to give him almost the appearance of a whited sepulchre.

‘These few years have made you grow old, and have taken away with them all the freshness and bloom that nature gives us,’ thought Johannes; and he took up a mirror and thought that it was probably the same with himself. Hitherto no one had told him that the wrinkles in his forehead had grown deeper, that his hair was

thinner, and that the scar on his forehead had become obliterated. He felt as he had always done; vigour and health were the heritage which his mother had left him—a better one than that which Arthur's delicate mother had bestowed on her son. It occurred to Johannes that his father also had died of consumption.

‘So even in this, then, we are linked by nature,’ he said to himself; ‘grown as it were out of the same soil. Both of us, Arthur and I, thrive and live. Maria, poor woman, whose beauty is fading and vanishing, where the sun seems to shine too hotly, as the hard life of the tender flower is shattered and withering. Gentleness, goodness, and reason establish themselves in our heart, but beauty is a power like poetry and art. We feel ourselves seized and carried away by its higher rhythm.’

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The Count had declined in spirits and humour. He complained of the miserable years a man has to get through. It was well for Johannes, he said, that he had been away in the year 1848. He would not now, he hoped, be foolish enough to go to Holstein, as he could count on his fingers how soon there also order and quiet would be restored. The Count complained of

insufferable *ennui*. ‘Political excitement is a dangerous thing,’ he said; ‘the reaction afterwards allows no rest, and the tedium is irritating. One was chased to death by all sorts of hell-hounds, by mis-spoken chaotic monsters and intellectual Calibans: one had to fight with the unfettered offspring of want of judgment; but the papers were full of interest. Desire for equality, popular rights, freedom from taxation, abolition of forest laws—threatened to break in the very doors and windows of my own castle! As if *I* had the right to give or to withhold these, like an imperial count of the middle ages! At last’—and here the Count’s old humour burst forth again—‘they carried it so far with me, that I allowed myself to be elected in the Frankfort parliament, and now I have had rest. And what a comedy I have gone through! what actors I have seen on this stage! Brutus was an honourable man, but his dagger-thrust put Cæsar, once for all, out of the world. Much of the enthusiasm among noble minds, in this blessed year 1848, is like the fire which is kindled on the hills in spring, consuming the wood with which poverty might have warmed itself! Poland was to be free; Italy, Hungary, and the Indies! We in Parliament were not of that practical sort which strikes

in a couple of stakes and places a penthouse on the top of them, such as necessity puts together in a storm. We all felt like Moses, when he spoke with the Lord in the flaming bush ; we were all prophets and law-givers. The world was out of joint, and we were called to put it right. The panic fear had allayed itself meanwhile ; those who had power and force in their hands came to themselves again ; and what they would, that they *could*, for behind them stood a well-disciplined army, with its powder dry and its weapons sharp. Our weapons were of a higher kind, but they accomplished less ! We linked our rights, therefore, to the everlasting stars, and built our temple of freedom in the clouds ; and hailed the noble Germania, scattering incense to the genius of humanity !'

'We were chastised with scorpions,' said Johannes.

'Whether you are right, my dear Olaf,' continued the Count, 'or I, we can neither of us bring the world into a sensible groove ; but we can converse on these things, and feel that we are two. *Each* party has its merits ; yours is interesting to me, mine pleases me better. But, my dear friend, a couple of years, and we will discuss the matter again. Old civilized races like us must



not be satisfied with dreams; we have already lived too long; we must think rationally, and must treat politics and life practically. Freedom is no higher pathos, no lofty aspiration of the feelings; but we must learn to keep account with the things of life, as we have them and hold them, and daily use them. Sensible housekeeping is brought gradually to a kind of perfection by labour, perseverance, and the use of every resource. Honest work and heathful moderation produce greater results than a violent indulgence of lavish extravagance. When I think of the horrors of the great French revolution! How much blood it cost!

‘Worse has happened, and much more blood shed, greater misery and demoralization have come upon poor mankind in the name of consecrated authorities,’ broke in Johannes. ‘*These* were unimpelled by passion—self-seeking without repentance.’

‘Dear friend,’ said the Count, ‘if you would only drop the idea of humanity! Humanity is an agglomerate of individuals; you must pay a little more regard to *these*. Fanatics for humanity do not care for intercourse with their fellow-men; the idea of an inner likeness with people of my kind, for example, is repugnant to their high-

mindful conscience. Stupidity and meanness are to be found also in republicans; parasites and sycophants are scattered over the whole body of society; in every form and figure, selfishness asserts itself. The free citizens of old Rome could not endure the imperial crown on the head of one of their number, but they submitted to the purple hem on the patrician's toga. A Horace throws away the shield and turns to the new age; while a Cato, for love to an indefensible past, plunges the dagger in his breast. I am glad the poet has no stoical hero, and I read his odes. A Voltaire had an ungrateful heart; but his wit has done more for humanity than you, for example, my friend, would have done, if, with that love which you prize more than all learning, you had allowed yourself to be shot dead in Holstein for the sake of the ideas of 1848. I have gone through much, and have seen various times; men bear their views, virtues, excellences, and mental tendencies, like their fashions; the impulse that prompted them is lost in mythical vagueness. The heroes of freedom have their selfish desires just as well as we; the greatest martyrs sometimes are caught in the net of petty vanity. Just as the marionettes at the theatre are moved to and fro, and we see not the hand that

guides them, so it is with many human things. A people who have enough to eat, and have their pleasure on Sundays, gladly leave the threads by which they are moved, like the figures on the stage, in hands which are actuated by a plan, and which desire the national development of mankind and consistently bear it in view.'

'In which view,' said Johannes, 'it is a question whether we like what they give us or how they cut out our allowance; mankind takes his own path.'

'In God's name,' said the Count, 'let them take it;' and he got up from the table.

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As Johannes retired to his room, he reflected upon the value of anger, and upon that power in the mind which wilfully asserts itself while the understanding throws light on both sides of a subject, critically analyzes it, and uses its bloodless weapons without either hate or love. As he cast his eyes on the lofty walls of the old turret chamber, he remembered all that the Count had told him of the scene which had occurred here, and which had ended in Maria's return to the old forester. The common face of the man she had married now rose again before his eye as he saw her pale tottering figure. 'Marriage gives

back *honour* to a woman,' he thought. He opened the window ; he heard the waves roaring and breaking in the distance ; he threw his cloak round him, ordered the servant, who had not yet retired to rest, to open the door of the court-yard, and he went down to the shore. What a wild night on this grand sea ! The waves chased each other over the flat sand-banks, the clouds flew by, and the moon hung her red lantern out on the clouds, as though to show the shipwrecked mariners the only spot at which they could be cast ashore otherwise than as corpses. As from a hundred sluices the rain poured down from heaven. 'It will not do,' thought Johannes, 'to let my wet clothes come among the silken furniture.' There was a light still burning in a pilot's hut on the shore. The signal of distress had just been given from the sea ; the men were preparing ; ten to twelve had formed themselves into a group ; the great boat was put out. Again a shot sounded in the distance—a salvo of distress. The pilots came in high water-boots, their hats steeped in oil, pressed down upon their foreheads. The great boat was soon afloat.

'That's not gentleman's work,' said one, as Johannes prepared to join them. 'There is no place here for passengers.'

‘She’ll get no pilot on board under sixty thalers,’ said the eldest pilot, ‘and ten thalers per man. We shall get her in before morning.’

Johannes stood on the shore, and looked after the boat. They were rowing *strongly* against the waves. The feelings of his youth came again over him.

What had life taken from him? what had experience given to him? ‘Freedom! freedom!’ The yearning glowed again within him. ‘Were I but once with nature! Could the feeling that I can do everything, and that I bear no fetters, because I am one with light and love, end but in storm and shipwreck!’

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He had not seen the Count the whole day. He had been wandering through the forest and country. The Countess was entertaining visitors in her salon. Johannes would have preferred not remaining longer; but he had taken cold on the previous night on the shore. The hot climate in which he had lived for some years had enervated him. Formerly he had been wont to go out in such weather with Karsten Kusig; wet through to the skin, he had never taken off his clothes, but had thrown himself down to sleep, leaving the

clothes to dry upon him, after the fashion of sailors. As he now pulled back his shirt, he saw how the muscles of his arm had grown soft, and how white were his hands. 'You also are now spiritualized,' he thought; 'the wild blood rushes no longer through my veins; ye can no longer seize and attack the foe; ye can but raise the hat, when propriety demands it. The whole being is morally changed. When I found thee, thou poor beautiful woman, I was immature, a mere sketched outline; thou wert a creature like Eve, open to persuasion, curious longing for the enjoyments of a world which had partly enthralled me also. Was I not her vassal, and did I not rejoice when she bestowed on me a chain of honour? Thou couldst not endure the place where I lived; a little want and care were too much for thy tender nature; the air was too rough; the world was full of delight, and splendour, and magnificence, and all this could be thine. I was poor. What had I to give thee and to bestow on thee? In a fearful hour my wild spirit broke forth; thine has never attained to consciousness and repentance! There is now rest for us both. I think on thee without hatred and without desire; but in spite of everything which education and experience have wrought in me, in spite of my freer views of the

world and of life, it seems, too, nevertheless, as if the time when I was *nothing*, when I was only animated by thee, were the only happy period of my existence.'

For some days the bad weather continued. Constant rain, and a mist, hanging low, veiled even the sea, the roaring of which reached to the castle. There was no going out, either on foot or horseback; both clergyman and magistrate, whom the Count required for l'hombre, remained away. The servants went about the yard with sacking and horse-cloths on their backs; the coachman found it impossible to put the horses to, and to expose himself and his horses to the deluge, and the daily drive had to be given up.

The Count, as he looked out of the window, amused himself with watching the servants struggling with the immense clods of mud which adhered to their wooden shoes. 'The sacred soil of the fatherland cleaves to her faithful sons,' he said. 'It would be perfectly barbarous in you, Doctor Olaf, if you were to start now, and leave me alone with the gout and a bad novel for company.'

Johannes looked at the lady of the house, who was young and pleasing. Her husband spoke of

nothing but *ennui*. She was sitting at the window over her embroidery, and allowed the conversation to go on without taking any part in it. The Countess did not like being in the country; it was only when the conversation turned upon the Court and upon society that she began to talk and to make inquiries with unwearied interest. The Count went into the nursery, and fetched away his boy from the French nurse, without heeding the protest of the mother that the little one was not to appear in the salon in his morning frock. Her husband requested her to excuse the breach of ordinary etiquette on account of the bad weather, and the boy was allowed to draw about a little wooden sheep on the carpet. The Countess took the twine from the neck of the animal, and placed in its stead a piece of pink riband, to make it suitable for a drawing-room. Johannes watched the child at its play, while the rosy lips chattered merrily in French with ‘mamma.’

‘You will become acquainted with the education of a little German Count from the beginning, my dear Olaf,’ said the Count. ‘Our nurses speak a vulgar sort of German, and our *bonne* is a genuine Parisian. If we could not have helped ourselves with a pure French accent, we must have left our



children to low German. You understand the impossibility—my wife cannot endure anything national.’

The lady looked up from her embroidery frame. ‘What patience our ladies must have to execute such patterns! Look at this goose-like sparrow, satisfying its thievish propensities with some cherries. A charming subject, and *what* a design! I will look out your embroidery patterns, dear wife,’ said the Count, gravely; ‘you are too tolerant with your purveyors.’

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The tedious rainy day was at length lost, like all its brethren, in eternal night.

The Count von der Goerde had dined excellently in the evening; this time the cook had surpassed himself, and his master, in acknowledgment of his services, had sent him a large glass of the finest Bourdeaux from his lord’s table.

‘It raises a man’s spirits when he may eat what he desires again, after long fasting and privation,’ said the Count. ‘It is, of course, a question of “how” and “why.”’


Johannes had irritated him by speaking of moderation and abstemiousness in connection with physical suffering.

‘Leave my gout to me, and keep your health,’ said the Count. ‘With regard to diet and the maintenance of life, I have more knowledge than all the physicians.’

The lady of the house had retired after the repast. The gentlemen drew their chairs round the fire, where large logs of wood were burning. They smoked the most excellent cigars, and sat in the most comfortable of chairs. Johannes took the liberty of pushing away his, and taking an ordinary one. The finest cognac stood on the table, and on a tripod by the fire—the Count boasted that he had himself made the design of it—stood the graceful kettle, with the water boiling in it, and making music in its own wonderful way.

This evening Johannes was to learn how persons and events appear again and again, as it were, like threads in the web of our fate. The Count told him that his old forester, after having been pensioned off, had suddenly become a rich man. ‘Richer than his master,’ said the Count; ‘his property lies in good Russian and American funds; besides he possesses a good farm, and keeps strict watch over it. The old man has a couple of lynx eyes in his head, and he squints with one of them, so that he is looking when others do not suppose him to be. My present forester is his nephew;

you remember the strong fellow whom I had with me in London as my huntsman? The huntsman's cottage looks better now than it did in the old man's time. The forester's wife keeps everything more clean and orderly than the poor thing would have done who now exhibits her pretty face God knows where. The old man was on a visit here some weeks ago. He has grown thinner, and his nose is less red, since he has had so much money to keep together. He likes it; the clatter of money is an agreeable sound; he now likes to hear it better than he did the barking of the pack, when he ruled the great preserve as his own private domain. In the year 1848 the dirty old greybeard grumbled and growled like a chained mastiff which cannot get loose when thieves are in the house. The old fellow had served in 1813; he had been in Paris as a non-commissioned officer, and thought much of discipline and order. Although he would not put up with anything from his master, he could still less adapt himself to the command of peasants; and he regarded all who appeared in the name of freedom as no better than forest trespassers and poachers. The old man adhered to us. The Lords von der Goerde, with their old pedigree and prerogatives—although they felt themselves at the Hanoverian Court as



the brothers of Jupiter—might still, perhaps, have been obliged to seek shelter at the peasant's farm. For a long time everything went against us. A horde had advanced before the castle ; my wife sat concealed in her room. At length I ordered the gates to be opened, and from the window I requested a parley, and the speaker, with a few shore-rovers and pilots, came in. Splendid figures, I confess to you. You must read presently what Shakespeare puts in the lips of Coriolanus about the sweet mob ; like that Roman, I laid aside my toga, and put on a popular attire. But I did not lose patience as he did ; I am not a bully ; I had really scattered the ashes of humanity on my head, and my mind was, moreover, not quite easy ! I do not conceal it ; I make no parade of courage ; boasting is not every man's matter. In short, the gentlemen put up with my bad table. We never agreed about some things. They would have the right of hunting ; and some cried for the strand-law, which had been taken from them by the Government. The sea, for instance, casts a wreck here and there on these sandbanks, and that belongs, according to the ancient custom, to the strand. We separated as friends, with an honest shake of the hand. Eau-de-Cologne and soap were now necessary, just as one burns incense

after evil spirits. Pastiles were lighted in the hall when the rabble vanished. My old forester would have brought the matter to an end differently ; he would have come to me with cutlasses and faithful peasants. He would have conjured up death and murder. My valet, therefore, kept him locked up in the cellar below. The old man was so furious that he gnawed at the door, and has never forgiven me for it. The peasants, however, who were lying in ambush, ran away like water in the sand, as no one came to head them. Fed and satisfied, the band with whom the master had fraternized, proceeded, shouting hurrahs, to the tavern, where each had leave to drink at my expense. I was myself there, and drank to their health ; and for this reason they elected me in Parliament. There was only one among the company who bore any real thorough hate in his breast ; the man had served in office ; he was the schoolmaster's son ; my brother had contributed ten thalers towards his education ; but his examination had only been moderately successful. The lad was very thin ; no good eating had any effect on him ; possibly he did not often come by any, for he had quarrelled with the clergyman and bailiff. I ought to have recommended him to a better post, and he bore me a grudge that he

had not obtained it. He had no enthusiasm, and no extravagant fancies; he had only the one distinct idea—"You have enjoyed it long enough; it is now *our* turn." It was a strange look that he cast on me when the band withdrew. He inspired me with esteem. He could do nothing against the more good-natured multitude, who, after all, clung to us from innate habit; and I did all that was possible, in my position, for the people. The lad would rather have sent a ball through my heart, and he would have been right from his point of view. He is now in prison at Rastadt; he vented his choler in the Baden revolt. It is a question who will remain in possession, *we* or they. What do you think, Olaf?'

'It is war,' said Johannes, 'and in which camp I stand is no question.'

'You mistake, my friend,' said the Count; 'with the first stone which a man of culture lays towards the building of his secure civil existence, he has attached himself to a party aiming at reasonable progress and wise political development. He can no longer desire the overthrow of the old building, which has afforded him shelter in its windings, and nooks, and passages. But let us leave this disagreeable topic. Have you no curiosity to know how my old forester became rich?'

‘There are various ways of earning a livelihood, one man steals dogs and sells them as his own lawful property, another man has millions in the funds and regulates the exchange. One goes hawking about with old rags, another gains a livelihood by looking in the columns of newspapers for any unknown property required for matters of inheritance. Thus at Emden there lives a pettifogging lawyer, who in a way inexplicable to me arrives at the knowledge of all possible persons, their claims to inheritance, and their family ramifications. The man had found out that somewhere on some Friesland island a ship-master and speculator had suddenly died of paralysis. The man was not a native of the place; he had gathered together a large property. A marriage contract was found, according to which the widow, who had no children, was to be paid a definite sum. She had no claim upon anything else that might be there, and the Exchequer found itself obliged to take possession of the unappropriated remainder. Subsequently, among a bundle of crumpled papers, a testament in a judicial form was found, which the deceased had made previous to his marriage in favour of an adopted child. There was a baptismal certificate, yellow with age, among the

papers. It certified that the man's name was Möller, and that he belonged to an island on the coast. I do not know the immediate facts, but the lawful heir was enquired after. An adopted daughter had disappeared or was dead; my forester was a cousin in the third degree, though he had never known anything of the relationship. One day the pettifogger called on the old man, who was at that time living near the forester's cottage, demanded five-and-twenty per cent. in case of success, and went to work.


‘There was in truth no one except a near relative, who lived as cook at a pastor's house, who could have disputed the forester's right of inheritance, and she was just dead. Thus my forester came into the money.’

It was with difficulty that Johannes restrained a burst of astonishment. Karsten Kusig was therefore dead! His name had been Möller, and Maria had been entered in the register as his adopted child. That evening, when the old man, half intoxicated, had told him his history, he had distinctly stated this. How labyrinthine are the ways of our destiny! Johannes resolved to speak to the forester, and to inform him of Maria's right, of her life and her place of residence. He considered it now necessary to ask the Count about



her, as he might know *more* of her, and he turned the conversation to Lord Arthur and to the communication which he had made him. The Count seemed to have completely forgotten that Johannes years before had appeared to him so strangely agitated and affected at meeting Arthur's beautiful beloved one. He said that the matter had come to an end, as was to be expected and desired; only his son, coldly and contemptuously as he had treated the *dénouement*, had really suffered from it; his vexation had affected his health.

‘It was bad enough,’ continued the Count, in his indifferent manner, ‘but still far better than if she had induced him to a marriage. Arthur was very near it; her beauty was a power which his youth could not withstand. He had long kept her concealed and hidden; the windows of the country-house were closed towards the street, and in England the fashion is still in vogue of enclosing the gardens with high walls. There was a fairy-like luxury in the house; the garden was full of rare flowers; the turf was so green and fresh that one might have believed in enchantment; and she wandered about the fabulous scene like the embodiment of loveliness. It might have gone on a long time in this way, for she was of a kind, who, like children, live half dreamily with a



plaything in their hands, without desire or thought. The pretty little one, whose picture you have seen, was her plaything.

‘But Arthur had the egotism of a lover. He was jealous ; her sweet words and caresses were given to the child more than to him, and she was not to exert or fatigue herself. I do not reproach myself, because it was my suggestion that the child should be taken from her and consigned to the care of Arthur’s former nurse. The child did not suit her circumstances, and she offered no opposition. Passive repose was the element in which this lotos-flower floated as in an untroubled mirror-like stream. The storm, however, came. He had taken her one day to the theatre ; the evening, if I do not mistake, will be also marked in your remembrance. It was as if the beautiful girl could not endure contact with the world ; shyly and fearfully she looked out upon the dark streets as they drove home, and she said that she had felt as if among the crowds in the theatre there had been sitting one who would thrust a knife into her breast. Arthur was proud of her beauty. I had my own thoughts at that time ; perhaps *you* had yours also, dear Olaf ; he seemed to disregard everything. With all the boundless demands which she made on the generosity, taste,

and luxury of her lover, she possessed that gentle submission which is a charm greater than any other to a man of refinement and taste, especially when the latter does not look for versatility of mind, perhaps because he is not himself blessed with it. My niece—you will remember the charming Principessa, the beautiful woman now lives in Paris—has become a widow, and enjoys with excellent taste the advantages of her distinguished position. At that time she stood under her husband, and the man was not easy to rule. She also saw the beauty that evening. How deep is the grudge women bear towards each other—how long-suffering their patience when there is any satisfaction to be gained for personal mortification—I have here had opportunity for observing. In the father's house, the daughter had been obliged to withdraw behind the companion. Arthur had been fascinated by this beauty, and had had no eye for the charms of his cousin! She had imprudently been told that her father had, as it were, proposed her to the nobleman, and he had rejected her! It is true there was another connexion existing between them, but the victory of beauty was the substantial reason. The so-called Marchesa, who acted the part of lady in waiting

in Arthur's house, was now assigned to the daughter of her former master. The lady was out of humour and irritated at the time, as might be imagined, for an admirer upon whom she had placed some value had suddenly left her and gone to India. *She* too suffered from *ennui*, and was susceptible of human ebullitions. She therefore resolved to visit the beautiful girl and to give her good advice, because they had lived so long under one roof; the lady had no prejudices! I bless the wisdom of this woman, who worked into my hands, for it would have been a misfortune to me and a disgrace, in his position, had Arthur concluded such a marriage! You yourself, Olaf, seem to know best, from old remembrances, that I am right in this. Your sudden resolve to leave London convinced me that the history of this poor child, before she was adopted by my forester, had already had a fatal beginning.'

Johannes cast a quick angry glance at the Count, but he made only a short pause.

'My son *must* not, and *shall* not, be fettered in his proud career,' he began again. 'There is something fatally mysterious about this woman, dissolute as she is. She was the first strong affection of his heart! I consider it pitiful to be

so duped by passion. With us things go on more circumspectly, and we are trained to moderation and reason.'

The Count again cast a side glance at Johannes, who looked at the flaming fire upon which he had just placed some logs, and smoked one cigar after another. It seemed as if the story scarcely so much concerned him as to prevent his sleeping through its weary myth.

'To finish the matter,' said the Count, looking at his watch, 'it is near midnight, and the lamp is already lighted in my wife's apartment.'

'The Principessa therefore visited the beautiful despised girl, and soon all sorts of evils began to shoot forth in that sensitive heart. Ever since that evening at the theatre she had at times been strangely restless. Arthur had thought her ill, but the mood passed by, and she was again as usual. Then suddenly a fear came over her; I suppose the sympathising woman had allured from her the secret which from that evening she had repressed within her heart. It seemed now as if she were living in expectation of some fearful punishment. She went from one room to the other, and fled to and fro in the shrubbery behind the garden wall, like Io pursued by the anger of the goddess.

‘ Arthur found her of course less charming ; he showed her his annoyance ; she wept and tormented him with her tears after the manner of women, but her power over him was not at an end.

‘ She now, however, wished to take singing-lessons. The Principessa had advised her to cultivate her talent, probably that she might not be wearisome to her lover. Arthur did not see the necessity for this cultivation, but an Italian, who gave singing-lessons in several houses, was engaged. Her manner of singing had touched him ; her attempts at art drove him out of the house.

‘ Three times altogether had the lady visited the poor beauty, and it had been enough to produce the most irrecoverable confusion. The third time she had said what she intended, and she did not go again.

‘ “ Lord Arthur,”’ she said, “ will *not* marry you ; he is his own master, but he will not ! My father wished to cultivate your voice for the stage. Bring yourself back into a respectable position ! As matters now are, I dare not see you ! Tear yourself away, before you are utterly lost.” The poor creature, how could she tear herself away, when she sank to the ground if no one was there to seize her under the arm ! Virtue and sound human judgment are at times cruel in their in-

tegrity. "Lord Arthur will not marry you," she continued. "Do not imagine you are more to him than his sporting-dog or his favourite horse. Have the sense to care that he should marry you, or else, when your face no longer pleases him, he will send you away, and you will be nothing more to him." These words the beautiful girl seems to have retained.

'The Principessa told me afterwards of her virtuous zeal, and we had a dispute in consequence. It must be a pleasure to humble and trample upon a foe. I have seldom seen the lady so animated as in her sympathy with this unhappy beauty, for whose sake she did not further expose herself, as is usual.

'The noble suggestion had its effect, however, in awakening that kind of wildness and opposition which makes weak people as insufferable as self-willed children. For *her*, in *her* circumstances, strong resolves were impossible.'

The narrator paused here to light a fresh cigar.

Johannes moved impatiently to and fro on his chair. The Count, however, never exempted his hearer from any of the story which he had begun.

'Arthur now tried to coerce her and rule her,'

he began again, 'and she rose against it. Like a wild dove, she flew to and fro in her cage. Arthur cannot with his pride endure aught that has the appearance of wishing to coerce him.

'At this time it happened that the child died. A certain seriousness came with this event over their moral relations. She reproached her lover with having taken the child from her; she complained that he kept her as a slave; she requested with anxiety and earnestness that he would marry her. Pathos did not suit her *genre*! The ill-humour would have righted itself again; lovers live amid dispute and squabble; human nature does not endure the monotony of happiness. But just at this time, some one, standing in close affinity to the highest personages in the realm, touched by her beauty, which he too had seen on that fatal evening at the theatre, laid a wager that he would find entrance to that enchanted garden where the Rose of Sharon blossomed—the name was given her by me. The first part of the wager was soon won. Arthur had received so much politeness from this high personage, that he could not help admitting him to the country-house one day when, surprised by a sudden storm, he halted at the entrance. Maria was sitting in the open garden vestibule; and she did not go, although her



master winked his eyes and contracted his brows, as he does when he is not pleased. Once, and not again! He placed his treasure in closer confinement; but the high personage had still the other half of his wager to win, and the Italian singing-master had not been dismissed.

‘At that time I had already returned to Germany, and I have gathered the details, as I am giving them to you, from communications made me by Arthur’s servant. You know the old man who goes in and out with him, and knows everything that concerns the family. Arthur was afterwards ill, and therefore communicative about the sad story. If he had been well, he would, even to me, have never opened his lips upon matters which were repugnant to him.

‘Had I been in London, I should have stopped the catastrophe. I could also have interfered sensibly on *her* behalf; but the carriage ran downhill and came crushed to the bottom. People who do not know the world, ought to be placed under tutelage. The high personage who was manœuvring with such boldness had an entertainment in view, at which some ladies of the Italian opera, with other musicians and singers, promised an especial treat. It was a choice party; Lord Arthur was not to fail. He need not, moreover, have found

it striking that, having himself introduced the entertainer, the latter should send an invitation to Madame Herbert. The Italian singing-master had assured him that the lady would bear a distinguished part with her peculiarly beautiful voice and original style of singing. Arthur had to endure raillery at the jealousy which made him a tyrant. He commanded himself, that he might not appear ridiculous, and said that she had liberty to go wherever she liked or wished.

‘But he now knew for *whom* and *why* the entertainment was given.

‘She had shown him the invitation almost in triumph; but yet it rankled in her mind that it had been said to her that she *must* live alone, because she could have no intercourse with honourable women, and the ladies at this entertainment were famous singers. Arthur himself had spoken with admiration of them. He forbade her, however, to go to the entertainment, and threw the invitation contemptuously into the fire. Still he had said that she was free; an evasion and subterfuge was too much for his pride; the word that he had said, must be true. That evening they seem to have had a scene together, and she complained that he loved her no longer! She was, however, so beautiful in her tears, the sub-

mission and gentleness of former days came over her with such irresistible beauty, at his expressions of tenderness when she promised obedience and vowed fidelity.'

The Count suddenly paused. Was there any life in the fire? Johannes was again busy throwing logs on the flame. 'It is frightfully cold here,' he said, and threw his cigar away.

'I shall soon have done,' said the Count. 'Arthur drove to London the following morning. He had as good as resolved to make her the mistress of his home. The half resolve to marry her would soon have given place to its fulfilment. Never had she appeared to him more beautiful and lovely. He had left her alone. There were still three days to the entertainment, but he did not go to her. As in the old story, this knight also, who however is no terrible bluebeard, had his mysterious trial-room, the key of which was to be given into the hands of the poor beauty in order to test her obedience. He wrote to her that he gave her full liberty to go to the entertainment, but that he begged her *not* to do so.

'When he appeared at the entertainment—you will scarcely have had opportunity to be present at an entertainment of the kind?—Arthur was sure of his cause; she had conquered in his heart.

He looked at the ladies one after another. What were they all to him compared with his fine white pearl? Presently the door opened, and she rustled in on the arm of the entertainer! She was magnificently dressed, overloaded with splendour and glitter. I do not doubt that in those three days various myrmidons of the evil one had, with sophistical reasoning, expelled the remnant of sound feeling that remained to her after the experiences of her life. I, for my part, am convinced that she meant nothing further by her venture than to play a game of coquetry with her lover; but she had no skill in such subtleties. She was too *naïve* by nature, in spite of her sinful career.'

'Poor humanity,' said Johannes; and he rose from his seat and walked up and down the room.

'That evening, as you may conceive, was the end,' said the Count; 'Arthur was at any rate settled about his plan of marriage. A few weeks afterwards I was summoned to London. He had an attack of inflammation of the lungs; he had broken a blood-vessel. He lay ill in the country-house, where she had lived with him. It was reported that she had gone to Genoa, to throw herself into the arms of either the Principessa or

the Church ! Had she had ambition or cool deliberation, she could have now made a brilliant career in London ; but she was imperfect and helpless in all things ! It was not possible for Arthur to come to an explanation satisfactory to his pride with the high personage who had caused the catastrophe. He had to swallow the offence ; and he was not accustomed to endure opposition and vexation. The anger of Achilles respecting Briseis is well known ; youth is easily disgusted, and it exaggerates. Arthur would rather have seen death than *her* after what had happened. He had already provided for her in case of a separation, and he now ordered the dresses and jewels which he had given her to be packed up and sent after her. For a time he diverted himself with travelling. It touched me deeply when he was ill and his young life in danger. One night he had the cold damp perspiration of death on his brow—the feverish nights lasted for a long time.

‘ Now all is over ; Arthur is free, and a future, which is not fettered and obscured by anything, lies before him. *That* is not too dearly bought at the price of a short illness, a pleasant year of travelling, and the destruction of an untenable youthful illusion. The beauty, however, did not go to the Italian convent, but remained in Paris.

The Italian singing-master, who was in truth a German, followed her thither and married her.

‘I was sorry when I heard of it, for a certain desperation and misery lay in this marriage. The man, whose real name is Schäbli, and who comes from Hameln on the Weser—his father accompanied a family to Italy as courier—knew that she had a rich income! He had come to London with the Italian opera. I remember having heard him as Signor Palladio. In spite of his mighty frame and his inclination to corpulence, the man had an excellent tenor voice, but no musical talent, and he spoke very good Italian. He managed through patronage to muster up power for musical entertainments in a few circles, and he also met with engagements as a teacher of singing. He was a smooth sleek man; a low nature, ready to be employed. Arthur did not know him, otherwise he would not have admitted him as he did. Who concerns themselves about *such* people? We pay for their work, and know not what they are. Do you not remember? He went backwards and forwards to the Principessa when she was arranging her *matinées musicales*. The poor thing, therefore, consented to marry the man; she was set upon marrying, and *this* one appeared at the right time. He opened an establishment in the

Boulevard des Italiens in Paris, a sort of Hôtel Garni, where there was gaming. The noble Palladio had added a "Cavaliere di" to his name. He was regarded as a political refugee, and was styled the Signore Conte; he talked of his possessions in Sicily, and of his German origin on the mother's side. That gaming went on in his house I know from the *attaché* of our embassy, who lost so many games of *ecarté* there, that he was himself ruined in consequence.

'How the February revolution affected the establishment I do not know. I have never heard any special mention of her. Possibly the man is jealous, like others, and continues the system of keeping her shut up. She must, however, be now at an age when such delicate spring flowers fade—she must be nine-and-twenty. The establishment in Paris probably still exists; for in all social revolutions, whether in republics or monarchies, pleasant vices seem to swim to the surface, even though they may be steeped in streams of blood.'

Johannes did not tell the Count that Palladio had now undertaken an establishment in Hanover. What did it concern himself, and *what* did it concern the others? It had been a long sitting and a long talking! The Count stretched himself as he got up. The *souper* that evening had agreed with him well.

‘Sleep well, dear Olaf,’ he said at the door, which was thrown open for the gentlemen by the servant who carried the lamp. ‘When the plague was in Florence, anxious minds and happy egotists related charming stories; Queen Schehezerade, with her talent for narration, delayed the headsmen’s sword which her excellent husband delighted in drawing across white throats; to-morrow, if the rain comes down like to-day, it will be your turn! I will listen. You must, however, not tell me what you have read from old inscriptions; nor do I wish to know from what ideas and necessities in primeval times mankind constructed their divinities, or how gradually the monsters arose with many arms and heads, which are disgusting to any one who possesses sound æsthetic feeling. Such offsprings of delusion are worse than *ennui* and the plague at Florence. We will narrate from life! Something that breathes, and that has blood in its veins. Perhaps you can complete my story? It is injured here and there by gaps, and the beginning and end are not there.’

Johannes took his leave of the Count, and went to his room. ‘The rest is silence,’ he said, to himself. ‘All the dead seem to revive here, even the old forester! Scarcely do I set my foot on German soil than I see I do not belong here. The



enthusiasm that made life worth the while is stifled as in a foul swamp! Will they remain upright in Holstein, or be cast down like all the others? There is much that is repugnant, and mankind must submit to it like the plague or bad weather. Why do I allow myself to be paralyzed and depressed by things which in nowise concern me? What I *will* not, shall not penetrate into my soul. The rest is *silence*, and shall remain so.'

## CHAPTER V.

## A DAY'S CRUIZE.

THE weather was no better, but the Count's *soupers* were no more so prolonged, for Johannes now sat in his room at work, and the Count had business to settle with tenants and bailiffs. Johannes had received the commission to prepare a paper for the scientific society in London, which intended to send a deputation to Berlin on some festive occasion. Johannes was to join it, and the great name of Humboldt held out a strong attraction. For the first time in his own country he found free access to men to whom he looked up, and strove to reach, and who shone before him as the best of the nation! What a feeling in his own country! It is true, it was under the protection, and at the desire, of the foreigner! He felt the ambition to make a name for himself, though the name which he bore were not that which his father had given him. He cherished the hope of an approximation and personal acquaintance with men of distinguished mind, and he exulted in the

idea that he would perhaps in time find employment in the fatherland, and no longer have to use a foreign language, but his own—the language which Luther and Lessing had made great, which Goethe had perfected, which touched his heart, warmed his feelings, and enlightened his mind, whenever he approached it! None but those who live in a foreign land know what it means to miss their mother tongue.

The Count, having himself business to do, did not disturb him when he now needed repose. There was profound stillness in the castle; sometimes he caught the sound of a piano when the Countess played—only, it is true, what she had learned under the superintendence of her teacher; but she had a good master, and when not heard too often, what she played was agreeable. Johannes worked more pleasantly under the impression which distant music produced on him. It had a strange power over his mind. The sounds which had reached his garret-room from Franziska's music had awakened the first dim feeling in his soul of his connexion with other human beings; from a world of his own, which his imagination had fashioned, he had come to Franziska. Her good face, her serious eyes, her true voice, had produced in him softer feelings.

When he now thought over his life, he knew that he had never felt so peacefully happy as in that first brotherly affection of his youth. Franziska was true and steadfast. She believed in the good, for she was good herself. Hearty, warm, naturally good, designed for simple retirement. Such had been his fate. Who could have been happier than he? Only there was something in him, and *that* the gods regulated; they had breathed it into him. Now they must see whether they had ordained good or evil for him! Franziska's gentle image had been repressed by it into a sort of misty distance. Occasionally he mourned for her, but still more for himself and that which he had lost with her.

The scientific congress was to meet within the next few weeks. Johannes was to join the gentlemen who came from London; and he gladly accepted the invitation of the Count, who wished him to remain with him until that time should arrive.

Meanwhile the castle had suddenly become full of life. One morning the carriage was required in all haste, to bring Lord Arthur to the castle, his yacht having arrived in the bay of the adjacent fishing village. It was again bad weather; so much rain had not fallen within the memory of the oldest people.

It was the first visit Lord Arthur had paid since his father's marriage. His demeanour towards his step-mother was perfect. He only intended remaining three days. There was then an entertainment at the Hanoverian Court, the birthday of some high personage. It was out of delicate consideration for his father's wife that Lord Arthur had wished to present himself on this occasion to the king, who, as an English prince, imposed the duty upon him. In two days they were all to start. 'We shall leave you here, dear Olaf,' said the Count, 'but we shall find you still here when we return.'

Meanwhile, to celebrate the presence of the son, all the nobles, whose estates and castles were scattered here and there in the neighbourhood, were invited to dinner. Arthur submitted to everything with a certain formality. He felt himself, as he told his father, so completely recovered from his lung affection, that he had come to show himself to him before setting out for Norway, where he was going to hunt with some friends. Parliament was not to meet again till autumn. There was something cold and hard in Lord Arthur's physiognomy and manner, but he exhibited a certain elasticity. Towards the party to whom he belonged he seemed almost to feel

himself like a royal prince. His pride isolated him, but it saved him from frivolity and pettiness. The Count could not refrain from venting himself to Johannes about the stupid arrogance of certain people, and declaring with some self-complacency that a man of rank must possess taste and mind to exhibit the urbanity of a Mæcenas.

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‘You will have no objection to sail about the coast in the yacht in which you and I have already made many a voyage?’ said Lord Arthur to Johannes.

It was still early in the morning, and again it was bad weather. In a bay, some eight miles seaward, they cast anchor. Lord Arthur had a desire to shoot the wild duck, which make their nests on the low shore of the little river, under the shelter of reeds and bulrushes. After they had sailed about the morass for a time, and had carried off some booty, they landed, and went into the hotel in the large market town, where the nobleman found a heated room, and where his servant provided him with dry clothing. They had got perfectly wet through in the open boat. The mouth of the little river was choked with sand, so that the yacht had to lie at anchor at the entrance

to the bay. In the market town, where formerly a good deal of trade had been going on, all business life seemed to have now stagnated. The Count, who possessed patrimonial rites over the town, complained of the low rabble, smugglers, and pedlars, who worked from here into each other's hands. There had been a lack for a long time of all able officials. For years the old customs had gone on, and the year 1848 had done little towards altering the state of things. The Count, although he knew the deficiency, and blamed it, was too easy and careless to meddle with matters here or elsewhere.

While Lord Arthur was in the upper room, under the hands of his valet, Johannes was sitting by the warm stove in the common apartment. In spite of the pilot-coat, which he had borrowed from a sailor, he was wet to the skin, and was indulging in certain considerations on the subject. Not far from him two men were sitting at a table, drinking and playing cards.

Johannes had given them a passing glance. One of them, who had his back turned to him, was of gigantic frame. Suddenly the mighty son of Anak stood before him, and placed his hand, which was as broad and heavy as the paw of a wild beast, upon his shoulder.

‘The devil take me if I ought not to know you, and if you had smuggled yourself into ever such a handsome coat!’ he said, in a low voice. ‘You should say good-day to me, and not pass by an old acquaintance as though he were stinking like a dead cat!’

Johannes had already recovered himself from the unwelcome surprise. ‘For aught I care,’ he thought, and he held out his hand to the other.

‘You won’t, then, affect arrogance, and try to make me believe you do not know me? I should not have believed it, and I should have been false to you,’ he said. ‘So, Neils, things remain as they were! Drink upon it; and now be quite at ease; my comrade is deaf, and half tipsy. I have seen the dressed-up ape you are here with, and the English prince. Your vessel is good, but the people are no sailors. They fancy they are used to the sea. They change their clothes if the salt water wets their skin. It was reported, however, Neils, that you were drowned! Right; I understand. I am also a new man, plying between here and England, just like the others.’ And Johannes heard from the former captain of the smuggling vessel that Karsten Kusig had been dead for five years. Quite calmly and gently, as a just man, he had fallen asleep in his bed; he had had a



pompous funeral, just as if he had been the most honest of men. The magistrates of the island had always gladly winked at his proceedings, for Kusig had kept everything alive, and had brought trade and traffic to a place where business was otherwise slack, and, moreover, not very respectable; and he had founded excellent charities for the poor and the shipwrecked!

Immediately after the master's death, the captain had established himself, and had begun a regular trade. He carried on, he said, some business in corn; and skins and bones were here shipped to England, but the cargo was somewhat scanty. His brig was now lying in the little harbour, and was already half laden. There was not exactly much to be earned, but it generally yielded profit enough, so that a man could live and support his wife. He had heard many things of Karsten Kusig which he could not make use of now, but one thing that might serve him was still in progress. Only he had some misgivings about it.

The captain showed him a house opposite, where a clean, round little woman, was pattering about in her wooden shoes, scouring the door-step. Her petticoat was tucked up, and the blue woollen stockings were drawn tightly over the neat leg and tidy foot.

‘That is my wife,’ he said, softly. ‘She is a butcher’s daughter, and had two thousand thalers and the house. Her father was churchwarden.’

‘And you will mount up to a burgomaster,’ said Johannes.

‘Everything is possible,’ returned the other, ‘if the river does not get choked with sand. Whatever vessels we have are obliged then to lie half a mile away on the sand-banks. Karsten Kusig could do everything; he was like Napoleon.’

‘You must join together, and attack the evil yourselves; that’s the way,’ said Johannes.

‘Yes, yes,’ said the other; ‘only such as we are lazy fellows. A man who has been long at sea doesn’t care to stir himself much. When the sail is up, one has only to have any eye where the ship is going. The thing goes of herself. Land business is another sort of thing. There’s my wife, now. She has six times already squinted across here. If she were not clearing-up to-day, which she likes better than scolding, she would have been here already, and would have left me no rest for a glass of grog.’

The good-natured man put on a perplexed face, and begged Johannes to pay him a visit. Suddenly he gave him a wink, and walked away, for Lord

Arthur had entered the room, and withdrawn again after having glanced round it.

‘Come, Olaf; these fumes are extremely disagreeable. I should not like to leave my dog here. A thousand excuses that I have kept you waiting for me,’ he called out.

Johannes greeted the captain, and they went down to the shore, where the boat was waiting. The encounter had made him thoughtful.

‘It is sometimes with us on the journey of life as with the children in the fairy tale, who were going through the wood,’ he began, turning to Lord Arthur; ‘we see the stones lying on the way, which we have scattered as we went.’

‘One makes strange acquaintances in travelling,’ said Lord Arthur; and the conversation dropped.

On their way, in the cabin where a frugal breakfast was served (Lord Arthur was as moderate on this point as his father was lavish and extravagant), he turned the conversation to himself and his immediate plans.

‘You must not be astonished, dear doctor,’ he said, ‘when you hear that I am really going *for your sake* to Norway, and for your sake am visiting here. I am tolerably alone; most people whom I know are of such a kind that I look after them when they go, and think the less one has to do

with them the better. 'You, Olaf, have been several years in foreign lands, and you are now preparing to go your own way. I do not wish to hinder you, but rather to help you where I can. It has occurred to me, then, whether we might not renew the link where you broke it off some years ago. My father tells me that you are engaged in writing, and that the scientific society wishes to make use of you and employ you?'

'I should like to remain in my own country,' said Johannes, and his eye brightened. 'If I seek employment abroad, it is only that I may be able to return.'

'I persist in it,' said the nobleman, with a certain emotion. 'You would do best to come with me. We would begin where we broke off. Think over it for a few days. I shall come back this way from Hanover. Tell me then your wishes and your conditions. You are the only person to whom I should like to make such a proposal when he has once turned his back on me. For the third time I shall have waited for *you*.'

'Lord Arthur might have rendered good service without degrading himself,' said Johannes; 'but higher powers have undertaken the office of punishment. When you now sail to Norway, you will pass the place where the sailor from the pilot

vessel which wished to allure you on the rock was thrown overboard. My first residence on this yacht was there, in the fore-castle. It is a dark story.'

The nobleman looked at Johannes with annoyance. 'It is irksome to me,' he said, 'that you always revert to this past matter; it obliges me to come back to the wolf-hunt in Norway. Whatever is behind us, whether dusk or bright, is at an end with me. I do not look back. All men with whom I have to do have a history, which lies open before me as a highway. My eye surveys their actions, but I nevertheless know not what they are. Here is a man with a post that is unknown to me, but I find his character open and his brow unclouded. Believe me, Olaf, I do not like to have to do with most people, nevertheless one wishes to have men about one who are worthy of seeing the light.'

'And I . . . ' said Johannes, smiling.

The nobleman looked at him with a proud cold glance. 'I depend upon your taking my proposal into consideration, dear Doctor,' he said.

'I am grateful, but resolved,' said Johannes. 'My nature cannot endure dependence; I must obey its will.'

Lord Arthur spoke of something else, and his manner to Johannes was one of cold politeness.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE FUGITIVE.

THERE was profound silence and an agreeable repose in the castle, when they had all taken their departure. Johannes sat in the turret chamber ; some books, with which he had intercourse as with living friends, afforded him company. We will not go through the catalogue ; each reader may make it according to his taste and fancy. What would our life be if the invisible church did not receive us, if we did not live in the communion of spirits ? No sooner do we enter the realm of thought, than we feel ourselves free from the constraint of circumstances, and are able to live and feel without suffering, indeed often with a sense of freedom.

How the sea glittered ; a long strip of gold lay along the horizon, which melted away in a white glimmer into the immeasurable distance ! The briny air blew freshly over the dunes. A hurricane had raged in the previous night, and now the mist and rain were dispersed, and the sun rose from

the sea in triumphant brilliancy. What changes appear in northern nature! Yet we feel ourselves better beneath a changeful climate and clouds, more in harmony as they are with our own being, than beneath the glowing sun of India, where everything is dried up, and the heat falls pitilessly upon man like a ravenous beast! Johannes remembered how he had wrestled with the evil powers of climate, before he had felt himself, both in blood and nerves, free from the hostile influence.

‘Struggle everywhere,’ he thought. To-day his mind was a peaceful one, and he called the little Count to him when he heard him tripping along with the *bonne* in the vestibule. The boy was pretty, like the angels making music which appear so charmingly in old pictures; but he stood stiffly, and had nothing to say. When Johannes tried to lift the child on his knee, he began to cry, and wanted to play elsewhere; the *bonne* was angry; the little one was wilful and must be punished, and she dragged him away. ‘That was an unsuccessful attempt,’ thought Johannes; and he went back to his books.

At that moment there was a knock at the door. It was the old forester, who wished to speak with the Herr Doctor.

Johannes had gone often and gladly to the forester's cottage. The friendly household gave him a feeling of calm repose. His desires never soared high in external things; their aim was directed to other objects. He was now living in luxurious rooms, without even observing how much silken splendour had been accumulated for his use.

The forester was excited and hurried; he would not even sit down; he probably would not have done so at any rate, out of respect for the sofa. In the early morning—he had not gone to bed that night on account of the storm, he said, and had just taken his coffee—a carriage had driven up to the forester's cottage, and a woman, without asking whether she might come in, had suddenly burst into the room. She had emptied her purse into the hand of the postillion who followed her; it had been far too much money. He, the forester, had settled with the postillion; such extortion was not to be allowed. The woman, however, had run up the steps past him like a frightened roe, and at the top she had been obliged to stand still to recover her breath. The noise of the wheels, as the carriage drove away, had frightened her. Her eyes were wild and staring, and her face deadly pale! She seemed, how-



ever, well acquainted with the house, for she had torn open the door of a wooden partition behind the steps, and she had stood there with the door in her hand, her face expressing the liveliest terror, as though she were expecting some one to come, and were ready to rush in and conceal herself. It seemed as if the woman had committed some crime, and the police were behind her, and every moment she were expecting to be seized. The Herr Doctor might imagine what a thing that would be for himself and his wife. Still the woman had made him sorry for her. From her dress he thought her something of a lady. When nothing came of the pursuit, and all was quiet in the house, she had crept out of the partitioned closet, and had sat down on the bed in the little spare room upstairs, which his wife had opened for her. She had rested her head in her hands, and had sat there in the cold so stiff and deadly pale, that she had touched him to the heart. The woman was not ugly, but pale and thin and weary ; she looked as if she had just risen from a bed of sickness. At last he had earnestly urged upon her—he had perhaps seized her at the time rather strongly by the arm—to behave herself like a reasonable being, to come into the warm room, and to say who she was and what she

wanted, or he must alter his tone with her. Then she had grown as fearful as a child that is beaten, and hides itself from fresh blows. She had tremblingly implored him to do nothing to her, and not to call the police, who would send her back again. If only the forester were but there !

His wife had boiled fresh coffee—she would not give the sick woman the dregs of what they had been drinking—and the poor thing had been refreshed by it, and he had gone to work and had left the women folk alone, as was best under the circumstances. When his wife called him back again, her eyes were red from pure sympathy and kindness of heart. She had then told him he must go to the castle. The woman had asked if Doctor Olaf were still there ? She wanted no doctor. But she wanted to speak with his honour the Count. She begged the Count to have the goodness and mercy to come to her ! When she heard that the Count had gone to Hanover, she had pressed her face in the pillows and had sobbed and wept, and the forester had not known what to do, for he began to think the woman was crazed. It seemed to him at any rate good that the Herr Doctor should see her and say what he thought. Or should he rather give information of her ?

‘Let be,’ said Johannes; ‘I will come with you.’ And he took his hat with apparent calmness. He was pale and agitated as he walked beside the forester, who now talked of the training of the English sporting-dogs which Lord Arthur had brought with him.

‘Hast thou notwithstanding set thy mark upon me, thou strange destiny?’ he thought; ‘hast thou thrown her in my way, where I cannot trample over her?’

The way seemed long to him. The forester had taken a short cut through the wood; a black-bird was singing sweetly in the thicket, and the fir-wood emitted a pleasant resinous fragrance. Would the way never end?

They were at the cottage. The dogs barked, the forester’s wife came to the door. Johannes had a feeling as if something were urging him back, and again came the violent impulse to cross that threshold. ‘The woman upstairs speaks never a word,’ said the wife; ‘she is sitting on the bed, looking straight before her and wringing her thin hands, and sometimes shaking her head.’

Johannes went up the stairs. He had begged the forester’s wife, as he wished to be alone, to remain below, and to get some dinner ready for him. What a meeting stood before him! If she were

not a vagrant, he knew who was awaiting him above.

He knocked softly; the door creaked as he opened it; there sat Maria, and they saw each other face to face!!

‘Holy virgin! God in Heaven have pity!’ she said, and crossed herself. The words trembled, half uttered, on her lips, but she had risen from her seat. Johannes thought he could hear the beating of her heart. He stood in the doorway; she had advanced a step towards him; then she seemed as though her strength had suddenly collapsed; her head had sunk on her breast, and she lay on her knees before him with her arms crossed, as if she were lying before the block, awaiting the fatal blow which was to sever the pale and beautiful head from her body! As the stroke did not come—the judge stood immovable—she raised herself, threw her head wildly back so that her hair fell over it, and fled into a corner of the room. ‘I am still young! I wish to live! do not kill me!’ she exclaimed fearfully.

There are things which a man cannot bear up against; he could not have taken this ruined woman in his arms; he could no longer have pressed her to his breast and cheered her to hope and courage; but he felt his heart melt with pity,

and he spoke to her with his gentle voice. She pressed her head between her hands and wept bitterly.

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For a long time he wandered about the wood. He was no longer a man full of proud repose ; he felt himself as one who is wounded and crushed. He had begged the forester's wife to see that Maria should go to bed, and await him quietly as the physician whom she needed. The bond which destiny had woven round them both seemed after all to be stronger than her guilt and his own will ! He had not wished to see her again ; now he felt that she had been thrown upon his protection and help. He had passed her by ; not for the world would he have stretched out his hand to her ; and now here she lay, like a sick and miserably mangled limb ; but it belonged nevertheless to his own living body, so deep had once been his love for her. It is not an easy task to kill a being within us, who once was our very life ; no resolve can, after all, accomplish it. He went back to her as her physician and helper. He was calm now, and seemed so also. He could, however, see his way in that which she suffered or alleged that she was suffering. This once burning organisation, with its capability for perfect health, was shattered through

and through. Weakened and bloodless, she seemed in the last stage of consumption. A violent fever set in during the course of the day, and all that she uttered in her delirium led him to suppose that a crime lay at the bottom of her decline, and that at any rate she had fallen into unprincipled hands. She refused to take the medicines which he held to her, and then in fear and dread she would take the spoon and swallow the contents, looking shyly round, as though she were afraid to drink from the glass which the forester's wife brought her. She had a severe contusion on the head; upon his inquiring as to how she had met with it, she drew the counterpane over her face, and lay immovable as a corpse. He had sufficient medical knowledge, although he had not practised it of late, to know that he was right in his suppositions, and after some watching her consciousness returned. By degrees in her wanderings Maria had divulged why she had run away from her home. She said her husband had wished to kill her; misfortune had thrown her into the hands of an evil fiend! He was in debt, and he would come into her money when she was dead. She started up at every sound, for she expected him every moment; but she could not go back; she would rather be dead at once! She had broken

open his strong box, and had taken out papers and money, for he never allowed her to have anything of her own. She had travelled from Hanover with post horses, therefore anyone knew where to look for her. But she wanted to see the Count, to tell him to warn Johannes, her husband had so long tormented her. On the last Sunday he had said with an oath, that Doctor Olaf would soon not be running about the world with great people; then he had laughed and looked at her; his eyes were as piercing as a knife, and he had laughed again. She had always, she said, *that* laugh in her ears, and *who* was there now to help her in the whole wide world! Ever since that evening in London, when she had seen Johannes again, and Lord Arthur had sat beside him, she had known it was all over with her, and that God's judgment was at hand! Her husband had, however, she said, drawn nothing from her; she had not said who the gentleman was whom she had seen on that unfortunate morning, when she had fallen against the wall, pale with fear; and her husband had stood there and asked her, till she did not know how to evade it. For weeks he had put the same question to her; but she had sworn upon her honour that she did not know the man; that she was mistaken when she had imagined that it was

he. Her husband was cunning and spiteful as the devil; as she said this, she shuddered all over. In alternate delirium and reason she had talked all day of herself and him; it was not till the paroxysm of fever was allayed that the quiet manner which had always belonged to her returned.

Johannes felt the difficulty of the position in which he was placed. Palladio *knew* who he was. He could not, and would not, surrender Maria defenceless to him. Under her pillow lay the papers which she had stolen. They were the will, which she had herself signed some weeks before in her husband's favour. She said that she had taken it so that Johannes might have something for flight, because she had again brought him into misfortune. Desperation drives weak and fearful people to actions which deliver them into the hands of their enemies, burdened with guilt and with the breach of law.


Johannes felt as if a knife were being drawn slowly and sharply through his breast. The day went by, and with the evening came repose and sleep to her. He turned gladly away from the sad room where he had left his shattered idol.

When he went through the wood, back to the castle, visions and figures seemed to float before him, crowding round him like a mist—memories of



a time when they were both walking in the light, when her beautiful form had clung to him, lying on his breast and in his arms, like a wreath of fresh blossoms, when her lips had refreshed his heart like some exquisite fruit! Strange it is, how distinct moments emerge again and again from the shadowy world of the past! He saw her actions, her eyes—those eyes with their long lashes, which she fixed with such peculiar sweetness on the questioner—and what had now become of her? what had now become of all that rich and blissful youthful happiness?

‘Fool that I am,’ he said to himself. ‘It is with me just as it is with all other men. Man can do nothing; he must submit to the way in which life and destiny treat him. When beauty is cast into the world unprotected, the world can do nothing else with the divine gift than destroy it. A tendency to ruin and corruption seems to belong to these most delicate and unique creations of nature. The germ of power, which retains life and freshness, has been expended by the artist Natnre on too much splendour of beauty both in form and colouring. If a man throws a flower on the market-place, it is trampled under foot, and the market-women who care for tidiness sweep it into the gutter. Fool that I am! Time or sickness



bring beauty also to decay ; they destroy the form, though a remnant remains as the possession of the soul. He who has travelled in hot countries knows that the serpent hisses forth from the green and flowery oasis ; he who is happy knows that Death harbours in each ecstatic feeling of delight. An inexpressibly deep longing carries us through life, but we cannot free ourselves from the force of the destroying powers.'

Johannes walked rapidly on. The blackbird sang no longer, as it had done early in the morning ; a melancholy whisper was in the trees, such as sometimes sounds plaintively through nature, just before the sun goes down.

'What means this lament and wail?' he thought. 'Thou spirit, enclosed in the human heart, languishing for freedom, weaving for thousands of years at the loom of creation, and ever separating into fibres again, wilt thou never have accomplished thy task? Hast thou no rest and no goal? When shall we extend our wings and alight where the gods rejoice in their festive joy? When shall we seize the storm and the lightning and say: I am strong as ye! When shall we wander as the stars and never grow weary—when shall we *live*, and be beautiful and lovely as the light?

'Beat my heart, beat more strongly ; surge up

my blood! Everywhere are we fettered and hemmed in; our way goes through dust and mire; we are heavy laden, and must bear the burden. Like the day labourer, longing for rest at even, man arrives at the end of his journey. Revive, my heart, and bear her and me from misery and decay.'

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE AGREEMENT.

It was long past midnight ; there was profound silence in the forester's cottage. The good-natured wife watched by the sick woman. Johannes sat in the room below, in the large easy chair belonging to the forester. He was weary ; he looked out of the window and waited for sleep to come to him. The moonlight cast an awful brightness over the wood ; a broad gleam glittered in the rain-puddles. The trees bent their tops together, and rustled in the stillness.

He had ridden more than four miles on horseback. He had requested to have the Count's riding-horse, and he hoped that he had not ridden him to his injury. The groom from the castle was in readiness in the spacious stable of the hotel to rub the horse down and to cover him with cloths. The man was out of humour at the peremptory order of his master's guest ; much as he had vented his indignation at his impudence to his fellow-servants, he had been obliged to obey.

Johannes had been at the old forester's. He had wanted to induce him to receive Maria at his house, and to afford her the protection which he could himself give but with peril. If it were possible, Johannes wished to avoid the miserable Palladio. It was apparent that his meeting with Maria's lawful tormentor would have serious consequences for him. Had it been possible he would have consigned her to the Count, and she should have gone in the yacht to England. He could have afterwards told the gentlemen everything, but for the moment they were neither of them there. He had altogether a feeling of reluctance to the idea; it appeared to him as if he should perhaps have to turn his back upon Europe. Johannes bit his lips as he rode back again from the old forester, who would hear nothing of his former foster-daughter.

‘Let her go to the Count's castle; what does she concern me?’ The forester had no good word for Maria. Johannes had not told him what right she had to a part of the property which the old man was enjoying, for he perceived that these claims would not serve her as a recommendation. Love of money seemed to have deprived the old man of his natural good-nature. He accumulated and scraped together like a marmot, which cannot

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heap up stores enough against the ice of winter. 'Money is a touchstone,' thought Johannes; 'it brings the lowest stratum to the top, and it opens the most secret recesses.'

Here, therefore, everything was in vain. 'Doctor Olaf would have the sense to see,' said the forester, 'that it did not become an honest man and the father of a family to afford assistance to a woman who had run away from her husband. His honour the Count would be soon coming home; the princess would not be eaten up before then, even if the man did keep her a little strictly. She could go to law if she were badly treated. The magistrates would be just as good for her as for other people. Moreover, a husband had the right to chastise his wife gently with a stick as thick as his little finger. That is old German law,' continued the forester. 'He would not say that the Herr Doctor was disgracing himself, but he must be astonished that he should like to suggest to him anything of the kind, especially when he knew how maliciously the woman had treated him who had once so befriended her.'

Johannes felt that the old man had right on his side. The ride home was long to him. He knew not what he was going to do; and at any moment Schäbli might arrive.

There was no sleep for him in the easy-chair in the close room ; moreover, the day began early in the forester's cottage. The dogs barked and bayed ; the forester's voice sounded loudly across the court-yard, and huntsmen and farm lads had their respective work assigned them. Maria had had a restless night. The forester's wife was weary, and complained of the disturbance in her household, which, with the number of people she had to provide for and keep, she could not endure for more than this one day. The pastor's people had a house full of children. Johannes knew not what to do with Maria. Fortunately, the physician whom he had sent for arrived from the adjacent town. He gave it as his opinion that the sick woman was suffering from consumption, but that she might recover under careful nursing. The man belonged to a race which was not excited to reflection by anything unusual. Johannes himself felt the necessity of being careful as to what he said about Maria. It had, however, occurred to him that he could find an asylum for her in the house of the former captain of the smuggling vessel. The physician spoke well of the wife, and praised the husband, whom he had not known in his former history or trade. Johannes knew that he could depend upon the captain ; he relied on

the fidelity which he had promised to his comrade. The physician did not doubt that the sufferer would find admittance to their roof for liberal payment; and he proposed sending a carriage to fetch her that afternoon.

Johannes went to the castle, where he had to make his arrangements. He now wished that Palladio would soon appear, so that he might have surmounted the difficulty which still lay before him. He must surmount it, though he did not yet know how. At first the repugnant task had taken him by surprise, but now his anger rose at the thought of the dilemma in which he was placed. He had stationed a boy at the entrance of the wood, from whence the high-road was visible. No post-diligence went so far as here; if, therefore, the man intended to fetch her back, he must come with a post-chaise. His waylayer could see far across the plain. He could still be at the spot in time. Johannes had written all that was necessary to the Count and Lord Arthur; he now sealed the letters, and placed them on his writing-table; other business matters he also put in order. He *must* meet Palladio although perhaps the man had no designs upon him. That he would come was certain, on account of the papers which his wife had brought away with her.



That he had allowed her four-and-twenty hours' start of him was because she made use of his absence from home (he had gone away for two days) for her flight. The man could bring him back into confinement; and yet Johannes felt it was advisable not to avoid him. When he thought of the civil house of correction, to which he lawfully belonged, a cowardly shudder ran through his veins. Then an ironical smile played upon his lips. He shrugged his shoulders, and took from his travelling-box a small dagger-knife with a poisoned point, which he had brought with him as a curiosity from India, and tested the sharpness of it on the leather of his pocket-book. A gloomy expression of anger spread itself over his brow. 'I am, at all events, provided for,' he thought; and he put the knife in his pocket, and went up and down the room.

It was a miserable conflict with a low-minded adversary which stood before him, and probably with dishonourable weapons. He did not know the man; he did not know by what handle to lay hold of him. But one thing was sure—that he must not give Maria back into the hands of the foul villain. His conscience as a doctor would not permit him to do this, and for this reason his honour would not. He could not give her over

to the protection of the magistrates without challenging statements on the part of her husband, which for his own security he must avoid ; but if Palladio was a coward, as might be supposed of a man with such a low nature, Johannes saw a probability of getting the better of him.

The meeting was repugnant to him ; but the soldier who stands in the breach is pressed for wards by the impulse of the moment amid the roll of drums and the clash of trumpets. An hour afterwards his body is crushed ; on the morrow the ravens are feeding on his corpse ; he serves for a couple of groschen ; but he is sustained by discipline, and he is impelled by necessity and honour. In *his* case, fate had placed in the breach the woman he had once loved, and he must go forward, lest she should become the prey of a furious wild beast.

He went again to the forester's cottage, and thought, as he looked back at the castle : ' What an uproar it will make when the news suddenly arrives here ! Social dishonour clings to a man like a stigma. Between me and my patrons there will soon be somewhat of so peculiar a kind that they will no longer be able to cross the barrier ; their honour and mine will then be widely sundered. Between me and all happiness there stands a dead

body, a man who I have scarcely seen face to face, and whom I sacrificed to the anger of my heart ! Revenge is a festival for gods ; for man it is a keen all-pervading desire.'

Johannes went more rapidly on ; his eyes flashed ; he seemed to have grown a head taller, and his arms were extended. ' Vengeance lies in the law of nature,' he thought ; ' the animal kills the rival that disputes with him his mate ; man is not a slave of blind necessity, his life expiates an act of wilfulness ; and the gods laugh in their Olympus at the fallen Titans ! For *you*, too, poor woman, I have been a bad guardian. I ought to have borne you to my nest as the wild eagle does its mate. She did not like the keen air, it made her giddy, for the nest was hung too high. We were both too young to be prepared for the combinations of this very wise, but also very base world. I made a fatal tragedy of it ; for cool, reasonable men it would have been matter for a comedy or a satire. Enough of all this ; it concerns no one but myself. I shall breathe again when I have left all behind me. I am alone, and will remain so to the end.'

It was time that he should be again in the forester's cottage ; scarcely an hour had he been

away. Palladio had meanwhile arrived, and the moment for decision pressed.

‘The man would go to his wife,’ said the forester to Johannes, although he had impressed upon him that the doctor had forbidden it. His carriage was down in the shed ; the postillion was drinking a glass of beer in the kitchen, and was waiting. The gentleman had a woman with him to take care of his sick wife, but unfortunately . . . ’ and the forester passed his hand over his brow, and shook his head.

There was a slow movement on the stairs. From step to step the sound became more and more tottering. Maria was deadly pale ; she had a mantle thrown over her night-dress ; the man was carrying rather than supporting her. He placed her on a chair in the sitting-room. ‘Dear madam,’ said Herr Palladio to the forester’s wife, ‘the pillows and cloak you have lent my wife shall be sent back. You will remain a moment with her till she recovers, and we will then carry her into the carriage.’ He then went up to the forester, seized his hand, and pressed it.

Johannes was standing in the room below. He had tried the forester’s hunting-rifle, and had placed it in the corner. The door was open.

Maria was sitting with closed eyes, and submitted to everything. The man had pressed some Louis d'or into the forester's hand. 'I am so much obliged to you,' said he, with a sweet and almost tearful voice. 'You see my unhappiness. Pray present my compliments to the Herr Count.'

Johannes stepped in front of the door when Palladio opened it to bring out the suffering woman. Outside the door the magnificent barmaid was walking up and down splendidly attired, just as he had seen her in the café.

'One moment,' said Johannes. 'I am a physician; I have treated your wife in conjunction with a physician from this place, and I wish to speak with you.'

'I shall hardly venture to offer a fee to Herr Doctor Olaf,' said Palladio, with a malicious look, and he seized his wife by the arm.

'Come in,' said Johannes; 'your wife cannot sit here; let her go in till we have spoken.'

Maria had raised her head, and wild horror was written on her countenance, as she rose and threw herself between the men, who had just entered the room. There was an expression of agony and despair in her face, which froze Johannes' blood!

'You see what you have brought the poor

woman to,' said he, fixing his keen eye on Palladio so sternly that the latter lost his presence of mind for a moment, and allowed Johannes, without interference, to speak to the forester's wife, who was in the kitchen-close. 'Help the sick woman,' he said; 'take care of her, and see that she remains upstairs, and does not come down till the gentleman here calls her; remain with her, and take the servant with you.' Maria allowed herself to be led away; her eye, beaming as with a sort of hope, glanced from one to the other. 'Let the person outside go into the inn and wait,' cried Johannes. 'You, Forester, go to the office, and beg the magistrate come here, and immediately! The lad must attend to the house! I have sent the people away. You and I, Herr Palladio, can settle better alone what we have to discuss together!' As he said this, he closed the door of the room, and put the key in his pocket.

'What does this mean?' said Palladio, who had recovered from his surprise, and had regained his insolence. 'Does the Herr Doctor know who he has before him? You will not, perhaps, believe that I have the law on my side? My wife has been obliged to confess to me from the beginning up to *my* time. She has not been able to impose upon me. Such as we have honourable feelings,

Herr Doctor Olaf !' he said, with a scornful laugh ; and, pronouncing the name that really belonged to Johannes, the low countenance became distorted.

' Who I am, and what you wish with me, concerns you and not me,' said Johannes, calmly. ' For the present I have to speak with you, Herr Palladio. I will not permit you to take your wife with you. The magistrate will be here directly. She has placed herself under my protection, and to you she does *not* return. If you will consign her to me amicably, we can come to terms as to the conditions. The will, which she has signed in your favour, she will have to give back to you ; it is of more importance to you than anything ; and, as a husband, you have a right to it. You will not require to bring forward any suit of divorce to be free of your wife, and you will, moreover, not have to maintain her. Your wife has run away from you. I receive her ; and because *she* is the guilty party, you retain her property. All this is very clear and simple.'

' Old love doesn't wear out,' said the man, with a scornful smile. ' Herr Doctor is anxious about his safety. We must stop the mouth of prattlers if we would defraud an honest husband of his right. There are still tribunals, and I can give information !'

‘But you will not take your wife with you for all that,’ said Johannes. ‘If you will use violence, I am the man to meet it.’ He had taken up the rifle that stood in the corner, and he looked at his adversary.

‘I think you will do better, Herr Schäbli, to come to terms with me; I could make it a serious matter.’

‘Robber! murderer! Is no one there?’ cried Palladio, who had crept to the end of the room, where a closet afforded him protection. Johannes went to the table, holding the rifle firmly between his knees; he seated himself near the window, took a pen, and wrote.

‘Here are a few words,’ he said, ‘which we will both sign. Come nearer. Read them. I will not harm you! Leave your wife with me, and do you keep her property. Lord Arthur has settled that the interest shall be paid half-yearly to her—to *her* personally. I know this from the Count von der Goerde; but I here pledge myself, under the security of this nobleman, to take care that the payment shall be transferred to you; moreover, I agree to a sort of indemnification in money. Your wife is ill and miserable. I think the affair is an advantageous one for you.’

The man’s countenance had become crimsoned,



as though he were stifled with rage. But he remained in his corner. 'Large and heavy as his frame was, he seemed not to venture to fight hand to hand with his adversary.

'To fall upon a man in this way,' he said, with an uncertain voice, while his eye was fixed on the rifle. 'I will bring you into trouble for this, though!' he gnashed out between his teeth, suddenly starting up.

Johannes shrugged his shoulders. 'Let us keep to the point,' he said. 'Either declare that you voluntarily sign this contract, or I will call in the magistrate. Look out of the window; the man is standing down below, in the garden. Bring forward what you have to say, and I shall bring my accusation against you, and require as a physician that you should be arrested. In the court of justice it will then be shown how we stand to each other. For weeks you have been giving your wife medicines. Who are your abettors? You have admitted no physician to her; her condition has been investigated. The remedies which you have applied have been a slow poison. She has lived with you in slavery and misery; your mother and your mistress have trampled upon her; in all this you had a legal right; no man could interfere. But these last few weeks you have not gone

cautiously to work. Have I excited your fear already? Cavaliere Palladio, you have grown pale. Does your conscience smite you, that your teeth chatter? It will be otherwise when you stand with me before the court of justice. Reflect, therefore; there is time yet.'

'Herr Doctor is acquainted with courts of justice,' said Palladio, scornfully. He reflected for a moment; then he seized the pen.

Johannes opened the door; the magistrate and the forester, who were waiting outside, knocked.

'I think we will conclude the contract, and sign it in the presence of witnesses,' said Johannes. 'Here, take the gun; it will do you no harm; there is no shot in it.'

Palladio now broke forth in a burst of impertinent merriment. 'Since we are such good friends, we carry on our jests together,' he said. 'Herr Doctor is right. What do I gain by it? What do we both gain by it if we go before a court of justice? The end is, it costs money. Herr Doctor has noble protectors. A man like me must work hard. If the Herr Doctor is so very eager after the woman—old love doesn't wear out.' The magistrate read over what Johannes had written.

The wording of the contract is immaterial. Johannes had declared himself ready to pay five

hundred thalers at once, and the same sum half-yearly, until the death of the wife, whom he took to himself with the consent of the husband, who herewith confessed that he had treated her badly.

The magistrate had made no objection to the agreement ; he was without penetration, and had, as it were, grown rusty at his post. Palladio, however, attempted suddenly to raise his demands.

‘If the Herr Doctor could give me in advance one thousand thalers,’ he said, ‘I could pay it in fourteen days ; I have a bill due of two thousand thalers.’

‘Keep to your words, and be satisfied,’ said Johannes ; and the magistrate took the document to put it into due form.

Palladio now stood, and complained in his sweetest voice about the unhappiness which his poor wife, who had been miserably spoiled, had brought upon him. His malicious eye cast a side glance at Johannes.

Johannes looked at the man with a firm, cold gaze ; and the business matter was brought to a termination.

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‘A miserable necessity,’ thought Johannes, when the evil spirit had at length departed. He

remained for some time sitting in the room, for he was as tired as if he had been running many miles in the deep sand.

‘He will now prey on me,’ he thought. ‘Soon anger and hate will be aroused in the fiend! With what a man am I in secret understanding! He will spin threads, and lay snares for me from his hiding-place. The spider does the same when it is hungry, and its aim is directed to a fly. The prey which it wishes to catch does its utmost not to fall into the net. Both follow the law of nature. For the next few weeks my enemy will feed on the bit of sustenance he has wrung from me; only for so long shall I have rest.’

He had sent the forester’s wife to Maria, that she might know she was not to fall into the hands of her tormentor; he sent her word that she must follow the prescriptions of the physician, who would take her with him, where she would be kindly received. As her mind was calmer, the journey to the little town was accomplished better than he had expected.

Johannes came on the following day to look after her himself; he was glad she was asleep, and that he need not speak to her. The captain and his wife made no inquiries respecting Maria’s circumstances. The high sum they were to receive

for her daily made the sufferer a person of importance in their sight. The physician adhered to the prescriptions which Johannes had impressed upon him. Maria required rest and a little medicine; but what was to become of her and of him in the future?

In old times it was said of the essence of love: 'If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned. Love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame. Many waters cannot quench love.' He had once admitted her within him as a living, splendid, divine good. That was over; and yet there was something strong enough within him to make him long to alleviate her miserable fate. But this ruined woman belonged no more to his future. He felt his power. Upwards lay his path, and she was here, and clung to him for life.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## SACRIFICES.

THE time had come when he was to be in Berlin. The gentlemen who had been sent by the scientific society in London were already there, and he was glad to give himself the enjoyment and the refreshment of the journey. His plan of finding employment in Holstein seemed now at an end. He had to take care of Maria; and he knew that he could not remain in North Germany. A letter had arrived from the Count, bidding him farewell for some time. He had resolved to make a journey to Paris with his son, who wished afterwards to receive his step-mother on his estate in England. The yacht had already set sail in order to await the party at Havre.

Johannes had seen Berlin in his youth, at a time when the turning-point in his life had occurred; now, when a new phase was concluding, chance had again brought him there, and he could have remained, so favourable were the circumstances by which he was surrounded. He was

introduced into circles that fascinated him, and among men to whom he was well recommended; but a kind of constraint cast a gloom over him. He felt that he must utterly renounce his fatherland. Perhaps had his native soil been free to him, he might have less deeply longed after it, but the adverse necessity gave a sting to the privation. When he saw himself among other men, he found that he possessed knowledge enough to give him a place among them.

The state of feeling in Germany at that time was oppressed and sad; a spirit of discontent was fermenting in most minds. The year 1850 brought with it much despondency and hopelessness, and the emigration to America was very great. Johannes pitied only the involuntary exiles; not to be *able* to return, was in his eyes a misery; love for the fatherland was strong within him, and yet he felt he must resolve to separate himself from it for ever. He heard lamentations over the age, and it seemed to him, nevertheless, as if under its shroud lay the seed of a great future. What so many hearts were feeling in the liveliest excitement—enthusiasm, power, and will for freedom, was scattered like a seed in millions of grains throughout the world, which we call the

fatherland. Each grain has its germ of life, and the seed shoots forth as soon as time has completed its work ; at first timidly with small tender blades ; but rain and sunshine, and storm and tempest, aid in turns in the progress, till the day comes when we reap what we sowed in blood and hope. What are a few years of waiting in the life of a people ? The work goes on, and the spirit is not weary.

But the present and future of this country were shut out from him ; and the manner in which his past affected his life, humbled him. Among the images which mythology has devised for hell, there is a dog with three heads, keeping watch. With three heads and six eyes the monster looks around him. Johannes thought that *that* hell which had a desire for him—for the Erinnyes guard their rights—had let loose upon him an equally watchful dog in the person of Palladio. It was repugnant to him, and contemptible, to live like a renegade slave with a rope round his neck ! If he had endured up to this hour, what would have become of him ? Had it but been possible to offer atonement to a family, and to redeem himself by action and sacrifice ! Our civil order of things admits not of this. Johannes saw that he



must be grateful to a foreign land for affording him food and shelter.

On his way back, during his journey to East Friesland, he had time to settle his future plans. The gentlemen, whose companion he had been in Berlin, were already back in England, and he resolved to follow them in a few days.

A kind of stoical decision was now in him. With gratitude he thought of what Lord Arthur had offered him, and of what the Count had done for him. Through their mediation a path had been opened to him in life, the freer height of which had been agreeable to him. It had, however, been always opposed to his feelings that these gentlemen had never desired to know aught that concerned him and not themselves. In his present entanglement with Palladio he must beg the Count for a hearing, and perhaps demand Lord Arthur's recommendation and interest, if he endeavoured to obtain the position of physician in the service of the East India Company. He thought that by again making use of his medical knowledge he could most surely discharge the liabilities which he had not voluntarily accepted, but which henceforth were his, and about which there was no further question, except as to how they were to be discharged.

In the meantime he resolved to go back to London, in order to complete a literary work. He hurried, for in the next few months he had promised to have the work ready. A part of the payment for it was in Palladio's hands.

His independence was therefore at an end, and he felt more than ever the necessity of standing alone, and of being bound to no one. Hitherto he had never achieved more than to live from day to day. This had never yet seemed to him an error on his part, but now it appeared to him as if he must effect a kind of position, and certainty of existence, in order to do his duty to himself and others.

He had seen with admiration how men endure living from day to day in the uniformity of a mechanical labour, how they ever submit to be harnessed to the yoke, and, as patiently as the husbandman follows the furrows, continue in the same groove. Now he felt that he, too, had no longer the right to cast aside all that was opposed to his nature, and to starve or shift in his independence. He had never heard of the humble suppliants who eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table. If he was not chosen, he was at any rate called, and a spring of plenty gushed forth within him.

It was possible that with good nursing Maria might yet vegetate for some years, and this circumstance now changed everything to him. He knew a family in the neighbourhood of London, in which he hoped to place her; he could then have his eye upon her, without exposing himself further for her sake, than that he worked for her and took care of her. For aught else there stood too much between him and her. The courage of the man who would not leave the lost sheep in the claws of the wolf had been stirred within him; the poor victim lay there in her wounds, and the oil of the Samaritan flowed softly from his hand upon them.

The post of Librarian to the rich society was, however, proportionally poorly paid. Johannes tried to reckon how much he should require, and what he must have.

‘I will hunt up my medical knowledge and go to India,’ he thought again. ‘Poor Maria! Is it decreed that we must go from whence we came? If I were to take her with me and place her on the steps of her father’s palace, we should find a heap of ruins. Her father, her brothers, were murdered. Her relations are nobles where she would be a beggar; her caste would regard them-

selves as polluted by all contact with her. Poor royal child, to have thus become a pariah.'

It was with such thoughts in his mind that he again arrived at the Count's estate, and the idea came vividly before him that some miles further away there lived one who had tried to degrade him even below the pariahs, and from whom he had purchased for the time his right to light and freedom.

Again, therefore, there was an end to his proud independence ; he must take no notice of baseness and infamy, and let a mean criminal go unpunished !

His fate had been the same in his relations with Karsten Kusig, and he felt that a man who has committed an offence against civil order is outlawed, and does better when he allows himself to be no more seen !

His life-bar had got among the rocks, but he held fast the helm. On *these* rocks he was *not* to be dashed to pieces. For the time he resolved to go with Maria to Scotland.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE VOYAGE.

THE wind was blowing freshly from the east, and on the little brig all was ready for departure. The giant captain was master on board, and Johannes stood and sat about on the deck, and looked into the cabin, which was made tolerably habitable. Accompanied by the wife, who had afforded her shelter for a fortnight, Maria went down to the boat which was to convey her on board. Johannes stood on the deck and watched her taking farewell of her nurse, and before her lay the sea in its vast expanse. The cabin-boy received a small box of wearing apparel which had been procured for her. Her step was still slow and weary, but she raised her head more freely. Johannes watched her as she drew herself up erect to look at the clear sky, and as she bent down to the ground and took a shell from the shore, and gave it to the woman for the little one at home; and, like a glimmer from long-past days, a blush suffused her face when Johannes fetched her from the boat.

‘Farewell, Niels ; we shall remain comrades,’ said the captain, as he left the ship. Johannes thanked him for his kind assistance.

He intended to take Maria over to Scotland and place her near Thorson, for at the moment he knew not what else to do with her. He had made his request to the Abbot of Iona and asked him to find a lodging among hospitable people for a relative who for some months required doctoring and care. The warm spring weather made the climate supportable to her, and the village, sheltered by high rocks, faced the sea to the south.

The voyage was accomplished without storm, and on the tenth day the coast lay before them. Maria had not been ill, and the sea air seemed to do her good. Mute and shy, she avoided Johannes. She only saw him when they sat at dinner with the captain, or when occasionally she sat down on some sheltered place on the deck. The little cabin-boy would then carry a chair for her, and place a covering over her knees and feet. Johannes had directed him to do so. He avoided being alone with her, and remained the whole day on deck. He spent the night in a little place partitioned off from the cabin, where the helmsman let him have his berth for the sake of a little

drinking money ; there was not much room in the so-called large cabin. Through the partition he could hear Maria's light breathing, and sometimes at night her sobs and weeping. The journey was a torture to his nerves, and the sight of her cut him to the heart. Her decline, however, was making rapid progress. Her eyes looked large beneath their long eyelashes against her pale face, like torches, giving light to death. When her eyes rested on him, he felt a thrill through him, as though he were turning to stone before the riddle of the Medusa. How had she once overpowered him and fascinated him ! Now, the lyre, from which the music of all the spheres had sounded forth to him, lay like a broken instrument at his feet. What had fate before him, that it left him no repose ? In anger and sadness he would sometimes sit there, wishing himself anywhere, only not *near* her.

Maria suffered extremely ; had he reproached her, had he trampled her under foot as she had deserved from him, it would have been an alleviation to her. Her guilt and his unhappiness now lay upon her like a heavy black cloud, and she waited for the storm to burst forth at length, for him to become human and meet her with shame and scorn, and help her to regain somewhat of

self-consciousness ; for she now felt in his presence nothing but adoration, fear, and boundless misery. The feeling had always oppressed her that he stood high above her, and looked down upon her as from a distance. Now, when he had helped her and taken care of her, he *despised* her nevertheless ; he had only forgiven her.

The vessel steered into the bay ; when morning again dawned, the voyage would be at an end. Maria could no longer endure her agony ; she burst forth from her cabin, a wild light gleaming in her eyes.

‘ Kill me,’ she said, and sank down at his feet. ‘ I would so gladly die. Of all whom I have known, who has ever told me what is wrong or right ? They all came with the allurements of evil ; my beauty charmed them ; they have ruined my soul ! Not *thou*, Johannes ; no I am a sinner, and I lie ! ’

He spoke to her gravely, told her she must keep herself quiet ; cold and almost stern were his words.

‘ As I am no longer beautiful, I am nothing more,’ she said bitterly ; ‘ I am poor in soul and body. I would fain draw near to thee ! Thou rejectest me ! What am I, when I am not beautiful ? ’ And she bent her head down to his feet, her hair



streaming over her face, and her tears flowing like water-brooks.

A gleam of light seemed to break forth from the ruined phantom of his happiness.

Johannes was pale as death ; he felt that a man has not the power to heal a soul and redeem it from its sorrow ; a *man* cannot speak the words : ‘Woman, thy faith has saved thee ; go in peace !’

He was a man, a struggling erring man ; *he* had no peace to give.

He raised Maria, and carried her to the cabin. He sat by her, and did not withdraw his hand as she spoke of herself and her life ; her eyes looked at him sadly and imploringly ; it seemed as though she wished to cast a burden from her heart. But her tender nature could no longer endure the tension ; she wept till she became weary, and then she fell asleep as a child.

When he was alone again on the deck that evening, with the eternal stars overhead, he felt that the soul of man has within it something from which a marvellous power streams forth, like balsam from the hard bark.

‘Not seven times, but until seventy times seven’ —it is a strangely profound expression, this perfect forgiveness. Maria’s genius has accomplished

great things ; our yearnings are expressed in sublime harmonies ; the mind overcomes much and art fashions divine creations ; but that which in the depth of the human breast is awaiting redemption, and breaks forth as joy and gratitude when touched by a ray from heaven, is uttered not by the lips, and brings repose to the soul.

Man's goodness, moreover, wears no crown and garb of honour ; its work is patience and fidelity. Like a homely companion it chooses silent paths, but it forces repose into the heart and reconciles us to fate.

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It was a pleasant little house, kept by a wealthy widow, in which Maria was to be received. The house had a small garden, and lay under the rocks. It was half-an-hour's distance from the ferry which passes over to the island and its monastery.

Thorson was now also living in this house. The people felt reverence towards a guest of whom it was said in the neighbourhood that he possessed the gift of second sight. He had grown very white ; his beard and hair gleamed like silver ; and he walked slowly, leaning on his stick. When they arrived, he was sitting on the shore among the children, playing with shells like the little ones.

‘Is he grown childish?’ thought Johannes. ‘Is this the end of such majesty and freedom of being? And here, as this poor woman, of beauty also; the highest work of nature, her sweetest revelation and the spring of youthful joy? These are the two to whom nature has linked my heart!’

Thorson had at once recognised his grandson by the voice. He rose to meet him, leaving the boy who led him behind.

‘Have I not told thee, thou wouldest come again?’ he said; ‘thou hast brought the angel of death with thee!’ And he kissed Maria and bid her sit down beside him, among the children on the shore.

Johannes ferried across to the abbot, and the latter told him that he had no longer dared to keep Thorson within the precincts of the monastery. Once he had come into church, and had proclaimed with a loud voice that the Lord of Heaven dwelt not in houses fashioned by human hands. Fortunately no one had been there but he himself and his monks, who were rooted in the holy faith. The old man was so near the goal of all earthly life, he said, that one could let him give vent to his ideas in peace; especially here, where no one heard them. But he could not be

kept within the precincts of the monastery. He wished, moreover, always to be in the open air, and it seemed as if he could scarcely endure roof and shelter even at night. The abbot, who was a learned man, and gladly enjoyed quiet among his books, expressed his satisfaction that his old friend had lived to see another and beautiful spring, as he was like the lark, who always loved to soar in the far distance.

‘It is otherwise with me,’ he said; ‘I creep closer and deeper into my cell. When I can no longer read, I hope for a happy end. From the cloister-cell to the grave! We are all awaiting our departure.’

Maria was well cared for. She seemed more at her ease, moreover, when Johannes, coming quickly in, took his leave. He did not say for how long.

There was a pleasant repose about the house in which she lived; and she went about like a pale shadow by Thorson’s side. Johannes had given her into the care of a good physician; and she desired to see the priest, who came over to her from the monastery. At the back of the house, in the little garden, a whitethorn was in flower; and a thrush had built its nest among the fir-trees on the overhanging rock, and sang the whole day.

It was peaceful as in a mother's lap. When the weather was calm and fine, Maria would sit with Thorson on the shore. She became, however, day by day, more weary and exhausted ; no care nor medicine could check the ravages which Palladio's remedies had made upon her health. Johannes had given the physician an intimation of her case, but the slow fever worked its way ; it became worse after he had gone. His presence had been depressing to her ; but she now fretted for him, and was touched with his generous compassion. She had confessed to him that she had loved Lord Arthur—that she had loved him to desperation when she had utterly lost him ! It had been a bitter moment to Johannes, but his goodness to her never relaxed. ‘We are both forgiven,’ was all he had said to her and to himself ; and so it was to remain.

The post which he was to occupy in London would not be free till the height of the summer. Meanwhile he had to work to the utmost in preparing the travels which the society was intending to publish ; his own journals were to be employed in the book, and his name was to appear among others. The work interested him, but the events of his late life had had a kind of distract-

ing effect upon his mind ; he felt constrained in all that he did.

From the Count von der Goerde, who was still staying at his son's country seat, he had once heard, and he had politely answered the letter, without entering into any of the circumstances that had occurred during his last visit to the castle, to which the Count alluded from report. Johannes wished to let his connexion with his patrons rest for a time. Soon, however, matters occurred which obliged him to visit Lord Arthur. The communications of the doctor, to whose care he had consigned Maria, had set his mind at rest. Now, suddenly, he received the announcement that he must come without delay if he wished to find her alive. One of those colds which one is accustomed to blame, when a long lingering illness takes a sudden and speedy end, had laid her low, and the doctor saw no hope of recovery. All repugnance of personal feeling gives way before the solemnity of death.

On his way to Scotland Johannes went round by Lord Arthur's seat.

Arthur received him alone in his room. The Count had just gone out ; and Johannes felt glad that, without being impolite, he could take his

departure, and not wait for his return. There was little time before the train started from a neighbouring station.

The nobleman was deeply affected at all that he heard. Johannes withheld nothing that Maria had confessed to him.

‘She has confidence in *you*,’ said Arthur ; ‘upon *me* she dared not, and could not hope ; I shall never see her again.’

A bitter smile passed over Johannes’ face. He now related his own history, briefly, and with powerful touches.

Arthur sat and listened, his father would have said, as though he were hearing some fatal tragedy ; he grew very serious at the force of such feelings ; but he felt now that a man was sitting here beside him whom he could neither use nor patronise. He had, however, a feeling as if just this very man were nearer to him than any other—a man whom he could not do without ; whom he had truly followed in thought so long as he had known him. Johannes sat grandly before him.

When he took his leave, Lord Arthur said : ‘We shall meet again ; I need not tell you that there is a chair always for you at my fireside, at

any hour and under all circumstances. If you have an advantage over me in many things, you must not grudge me what fortune has given me.'

The lips, usually so cold, smiled almost tenderly, and they parted with a warm pressure of the hand.




## CHAPTER X.

## REST.

SHE was lying in a small whitewashed room; the sunlight, which fell through the ivy-wreathed window, was playing on her face. She was lying on the little bed, which the good housewife had covered with fresh linen. Her hands were folded, and she held in her fingers a white iris blossom; her dark hair was twisted in plaits round her head, as though she had taken trouble to adorn herself for death. Lips and cheeks were like faded white roses.

The priest, to whom she confessed, sat by the side of the bed, telling his beads; he bent his head as Johannes entered, and pointed to the slumberer.

Johannes turned to the physician, that he might tell him the history of the last few nights and days. The fever had come on again violently during the last night; a flickering before the end; the last remnant of strength was being consumed.



‘It is sad,’ said the priest, turning to the others in the room, ‘what ideas and dreams occupy the mind of this dying woman. She will be a flower, she says; she is now passing to profound repose; the flower is floating on a still, clear water; never again will it hear rude voices, never more anger and dispute; no faces, disturbed with wickedness; no wrinkled brows; no evil laughter; no one will be there to cast upon her a glance which can make her afraid. From heaven and earth beautiful angels are coming and shaking dew from their wings; and on this the flower will live for thousands and thousands of years, always blooming; and the water is always calm, and the holy virgin is standing on the sun in the sky. You understand,’ said the priest, ‘that our religion cannot allow a human being to lose these last precious moments. If her life has been sinful, she should die in sanctity and repentance.’

Johannes begged of the spiritual adviser not to encroach upon the power of mercy, but to leave the sick woman alone till she should desire his help.

He went in and took the chair at the head of the dying woman. She opened her eyes, and when she saw him she took his hand and pressed it between her own; and the faded flower she

was holding fell from her fingers. She placed his hand under her cheek, as though she would make it her pillow; and she did this with a true-hearted certainty, as if she had a sacred and highest right to it.

She did not speak to him, in word or allusion, of what she had been, or of how she had sinned; her lips occasionally slightly moved, but he understood not what she said. At last he caught a few Italian words; it was a verse of the song with that strongly-plaintive melody, which she had sung on that first evening in Genoa, when he had been so near her, and had only been separated from her by a wall. Was it an evil spirit that had led him thus across her path? How different all would have been, for him and for her, had they met at that time?

She had the repose of a child in dying, just as during her life she had had the incompleteness and vagueness of a child in heart and mind. This child-like repose seemed now a time of peace and reconciliation.

Johannes' hand lay under her cheek till it grew cold and colder. Towards midnight he closed her eyes, and kissed the pale lips, for the first and for the last time since that day when he called her his, in full belief of the eternity of his happi-

ness. The chill, damp breath of death froze on his lips as he touched her, and he spread the white linen sheet over the corpse of his dead love.

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‘She has brought thee no happiness,’ said Thorson, as they stood before the body on the following morning. ‘Miserable and reprobate has she passed through the world, and yet this woman was invested with the majesty of thy fate.’

‘She rests now in the majesty of death,’ said Johannes, and he held out his hand to Thorson. ‘I do not understand what you call the ways of God. The miserable girl, without parents, without protection! A vague horror was the background of her remembrances; the impressions which a child receives affect it in the future. She had lost her own; she was sundered from her native soil; murder stood at the threshold of her life. She had seen her mother and her brothers bathed in blood; wild powers were at work in me also. She wished to live like the flower of her dream; *my* path was not soft and smooth.’

‘She was not worthy of *thine*,’ said Thorson; ‘she was feeble in heart and soul. She wished to sit in peace, she desired splendour and ease, whilst thou wast suffering imprisonment and contempt;

and, nevertheless, she was allotted to thee, and was again to emerge in thy life.'

'The will that she sought was in me,' said Johannes; 'in ourselves is the germ of that which we call our destiny. Between her and me is peace.'

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The physician had arrived. He wished to dissect the body, in the interests of science, as it might be of some importance to know how an organisation, apparently so perfect, had become a victim to this strangely consuming malady; but Johannes rejected the idea, much as, under other circumstances, he would have himself urged it.

Wrapped by chaste hands in pure grave-clothes, exposed to no stranger's eye, in reverence and devotion, this body should be given back to the earth.

Thorson had desired to go with them to the burial; and they sat, when all was over, on a stone in front of the chapel in the little cemetery where Maria found her resting-place, under the shadow of the monastery.

The sea spread out in a wide expanse before them.

'We walk in darkness and in the shadow of death,' said Thorson, and his eye gazed fixedly

before him ; his voice was as soft as the whispering wind, playing with the long grass among the graves ! ‘ She is going now through the dark portal. Does the storm-wind carry her, or is she borne by a gentle rustle, the flapping of the wings of the powers of light ? What is become of Maria, who, two days ago, was speaking to us and was with us ?’

‘ When He walked on the waters, and the ship was tossed by the waves, He called to him who stretched out his hands to Him that he should walk with Him, where no footstep leaves its trace ! So do the powers of light move within us !’

Johannes sat, supporting his head in his hands. ‘ Could we but be rocked to sleep by the songs which the good mother sings,’ he said. ‘ The Mercy that sits above the clouds has hard hands.’

Thorson had risen from his seat, and he drew himself up to his full height : ‘ Who is he who so errs in wisdom, and speaks with such misunderstanding ?’ he said. ‘ Thy heart has bled ; lay it on the altar, and be silent. There is blood on thy hands ; thou hast not shed it in just defence ; thine idol carried thee away, and thy proud, wild heart ! Thou wilt not atone for it ? Thy *life* is the atonement ! No wife blooms for thee, no son grows up at thy side ; a mother has uplifted her hands, and

accused *him* who killed her son! The woman whom thou hast loved, walked in the lust of sin; over the corpse of the murdered one, thou wouldst gladly have again drunk deeply of the charms of her beauty; as a corpse she lies there! Thine eye is blind, and thou thinkest to see! Hast thou ears to hear, and dost *not* hear? *He* walks through the world, to whom the morning stars sing together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy! Hearest thou the echo in the depths of thine own breast? Dost thou think the Most High deals with men so secondarily? *He* speaks to thee in thy destiny and in thy life!

‘It is evening, father,’ said Johannes, rising, and he held out his hand to the old man. ‘Man goes his way according to the necessities of his nature. He bites his lips, and accepts his fate. Whatever is the result, he must bear it.’

‘In thankfulness and blessedness it will end,’ said Thorson; and he turned away from his grandson to the setting sun. The sun at that moment was sinking in all its glory on the brink of the sea. Thorson leaned upon Johannes. He was weary; but there was light in his face, as though his whole soul were glowing with a divine fire. Thus we see the snow-peaks of the Alps catching the rosy tints of the exquisite morning glow.

They passed over to the mainland in the little boat, steering between the rocks.

‘Dost thou hear music?’ said Thorson, suddenly; and he raised his head, as if listening to catch the sound. ‘They are coming, they are bending and hovering down; a lovely band of light. What a melody and what a peace!’

It seemed to Johannes also as if he heard music across the waters, so gently were the waves in motion; they played among the rocks, as though they were the caresses of love.

Thorson threw his arms round him, and kissed him. ‘They put on thee the white robe, and immortal spirits beckon thee to join them, and the palm-trees rustle, when the time is come!’ The old man murmured the words, and his voice grew softer and softer.

Johannes spoke no more during the short passage. The rower brought them quickly over the smooth waters to the land.

When they reached the landing-place on the shore, Thorson sat immovable, his head fallen on his breast, and he seemed to sleep. But his breath had ceased, his pulse stood still.

Johannes thought, ‘What an easy death!’ Thorson, like his sister years before, had died without a struggle.



## CHAPTER XI.

## IN LONDON.

THERE is a race of sublime fools; they are indeed, from their mode of life, narrow-minded pedants, only that they lack temperance,' said the Count von der Goerde, who was just ready for a journey, and was on the point of returning to Germany. Arthur had given him the letter containing the account of Maria's death; he had before acquainted his father with the story of Johannes' life.

'This kind of being,' continued the Count, 'goes on just when others turn aside; he is always raising to heaven limitless desires that come to nothing; he stands by, when others are enjoying, and supports himself from the fulness of his own being; his feelings are like the phoenix, they are burned to ashes, and are ever reviving in a fresh form. You and I, my son, would not have placed ourselves in danger and perplexity for the sake of the faded beauty! *We*, moreover, should

not have been in such a position as to have obliged us to let a criminal run away. It is a most disagreeable history! There are things contact with which is impossible, under any circumstances. I am sorry for Olaf, but Schäbli has *not* lost his hold upon him. Olaf has had the woman buried without judicial investigation; there is nothing more to produce against the man. If Olaf had but brought the matter to some sort of issue before the world. He is still in the absurd position of being obliged, like the common man, to pay in his own person.'

'We must make Palladio harmless,' said Lord Arthur. 'Olaf must be reinstated as a citizen.'

'It is of no use,' said the Count. Neither you, my dear son, nor I, would effect anything with the noble republic of Hamburg in a supplication for mercy. He who has fallen under the law must endure his punishment. It is of no use that we both are of another opinion in this case; the time is past when people of our class *could* do what they *would*. It will be no misfortune for Olaf to go to India. The introductions which he takes with him are of as much value as a property. He will succeed as a physician, and will probably bring back plenty of money when he returns, after the whole affair has died out. It is possible,

though, that he will come back just as poor as he goes.'

'I should be glad if he need *not* go,' said Arthur. 'Palladio will keep himself quiet after I have taken him in hand; only there is no relying on a low villain.'

'If that which we desire is connected with his security, there is some chance of it,' said the Count. 'We can, at any rate, try. Olaf belongs to the people whom I am always glad to see again. I am annoyed at his behaviour, but he interests me as an incomprehensible monad. One grows older, and does not care for new faces. He is of a kind which I observe with interest.'

Arthur had grown serious, and said: 'It may be that this kind of being is of higher origin than others. It will not be my fault if Olaf does not make his home with us.'

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These benevolent intentions were not, however, sufficient to influence Johannes. He had gone back to London to complete the work which he had undertaken, and he laboured to bring it to a conclusion. His acquaintances scarcely saw him. He postponed writing letters. Neither the Count nor Lord Arthur heard from him. His connexion

with Palladio seemed to give him no thought, nor had he apparently any care as to his success.

For some weeks he lived almost like a prisoner in his own room. He longed to be free of the duties which he had undertaken, and hence he often remained a part of the night at work. It was no free mental labour which occupied him, but a translation, the editorship of his own and of others' thoughts. The portion of the great work on travel, which he had undertaken, had to be completed at a certain time, and he required the money which the work brought him in. Thus he was once more as in his youth, when he lived to himself and laboured hard, requiring but little sleep, and only eating that he might not starve. His powers of work were great; they were never exhausted, but increased by use.

Now and then there came days when he could not remain in his room, when he shrugged his shoulders over his work as a thing which had little value, and which lay in his way. Sometimes, when the mood came over him, he would wander about the back streets of London, or would sit in public restaurants, and find himself among people to whom, from his education, he did not belong. He had no taste for the cleverness in which men of the world indulge, and he felt himself disgusted

with the wit which assumes, and with the repartee that plays ball with common-places. He did not care, moreover, to talk of books—amusing himself and others with words which he had not received within himself.

Many were the thoughts which passed through Johannes' mind when he wandered solitary and alone about the streets of London on days when his passionate gloom drove him from the house. The solitude oppressed him, and intercourse with his acquaintances was impossible to him. Sometimes he tried to divert himself by hearing music and seeing statues and pictures. Now and then something grasped him with the power of life, but it did not hold its ground.

London is fearful in its gigantic size, its contrasts, its mighty pulsating activity, when a man roams about it like a wanderer in the desert. 'Civilization cannot disentangle the coil of misery and corruption that surrounds her proud creation,' he thought. 'Among all these crowds of human beings, through whom the breath of our age is wafted, and who are said to be enlightened in knowledge, there passes a deep and fearful lament; a stream of destruction flows through the world, and seems to percolate the soil wherever society settles itself! Men are to advance in such

a morass; man's honour like the oak-tree, woman's soul like the lily! Strange expectation! If the tree grows crooked, it is right to cast it into the fire; the crushed lily must decay on the dunghill! Is there an eye which penetrates the depths, and honours the conflict of the soul? What means the great sacrifice, the smoke of which rises to heaven with the sorrowful life of man?' Sometimes he would see a house-door open, and he would think: 'Here go in and out the four grey sisters—Want, Guilt, Care, and Distress. By *what* suffering was a human soul to be tested?'

Johannes felt that his mind must be morbid, for it cast such gloomy shadows over everything. Now and then it seemed to him as if he were not living among human beings, but only seeing caricatures of figures, for which some great artist had made the sketch, but the execution of which had failed.

'Power! power!' he would then say, drawing himself up erect. 'How shall I regain my health? My thirst after happiness is not yet dead. I am now ill because I am desiring *happiness*.

He felt in himself little of the brotherly love which makes all equal. *He* to put himself on a parallel with poverty, avarice, envy, and low desires! One day he went to the river, down

among the wharves; the life and doings where there is shipping interested him. In the yard of one of the high warehouses a new wooden plank was being drawn along. It was very hot weather. The carpenters had gone away from this work at noon, and Johannes' eye fell upon a youth in tattered clothes, who was offering some matches for sale in a dirty basket, and who now put down his wares, and drew on the white plank with a piece of red tile-clay. A horse and a dog were produced, in tolerably just proportions. Johannes asked the lad where he came from. The boy suddenly threw away his red chalk, and with miserable pantomimic gestures expressed that he was hungry. The boy seemed not to understand the question; he put the coin which his begging hand gained him into his pocket, and squatted down in the corner of the building, where he seemed to have taken his stand; on the corner-stone stood the basket with his goods, which could scarcely have amounted to the value of more than sixpence. 'What a fine face,' thought Johannes, who had looked at the boy fixedly; 'a model for an artist; the short curly hair, a somewhat low forehead, dark-grey eyes, finely-arched brows, a mouth of exquisite form, somewhat too large perhaps, but full of strong white teeth.' The physiognomy was, perhaps, too old,

and the colour of the complexion too faded; the boy might be about twelve years old. Johannes again looked with some interest at the drawing. 'He has talent too,' he thought, and went on.

When he was returning, about half an hour afterwards, through a street which lay at the back of the houses, he saw some people standing together at a corner, as if in curiosity. Some remained and others ran on, after having given a passing glance. 'There is a boy lying there, who has epilepsy;' said one.

'He has the devil; he is possessed,' said a woman, who looked fiend-like.

'He stole a sausage from my shop,' said a butcher, with a fat red face. 'I had cudgelled the boy and let him go. Why should one trouble the police about trifles? But he was taken with cramp. They have laid him now in front of the house.'

'It was not necessary for him to steal,' thought Johannes, because he was hungry; 'he had a sixpence of mine in his pocket.' He went up to him, and saw at once that the boy was feigning. He felt his pulse, roused him, and then desired that he should be carried into a neighbouring sailors' tavern, where he ordered a room, in which he was placed.



‘Now get up,’ he said to the boy, whom he had left to himself for a time; ‘nothing will happen to you.’ His gentle voice inspired more confidence than his words. The possessed boy rose up—he was healed!

‘He has gone a good way already in the school of misery and depravity,’ thought Johannes; but there was a softness in the boy’s voice that went to his heart; his wonderful beauty had a power over him. The boy knew nothing of his father; his mother had been transported; she had helped to set fire to the tannery at Greenwich. The boy’s lip curled; he looked at Johannes almost angrily; his young brow was full of wrinkles, and his cheeks had fallen in.

‘Who are the others?’ asked Johannes, when the boy said that he belonged to the others, who had brought him up.

‘There is no one to bid me do anything,’ said he; and he looked at Johannes with his beautiful grey eyes, and a convulsive movement passed over his features. Johannes’ eye rested on the beautiful countenance; the head was splendidly set; the slender hands were exquisitely formed! Lord Arthur, with his aristocratic blood, was not more refined and elegant in figure than nature had made this child of misery.

‘Poor boy,’ said Johannes, whose heart was in his eyes. Perhaps, in his self-command when Maria died, he had not given full play to the tears which had oppressed his heart, and they now found vent on every opportunity.

The boy began now also to weep. ‘I think I will take you with me,’ said Johannes. ‘I will try whether he can learn to draw; whether he can learn to *love* me.’ It seemed to him as if he could wish to live again, if he had anyone that loved him, and to whom he was necessary. ‘A human being is after all something more for company than a dog or a book. He will not need much, nor will he disturb me.’

So thought Johannes, as he went home towards evening with his foundling. The boy would scarcely have been recognised by his own companions. Johannes had ordered a tub of soap-and-water to be brought into a shed adjoining the tavern, and here the boy had washed and brushed himself; meanwhile, in one of the many shops for sailors’ clothing, to be found in every street in this neighbourhood, he had purchased for him clothes and two strong shirts, besides a pair of thick shoes; the stockings seemed to him superfluous. It was not an expensive pleasure; it could be afforded, he thought ‘more easily than other follies.’

That night the foundling lay on his sofa. Johannes had given him a pillow from his own bed. The poor child had eaten heartily, and had drawn on a piece of paper; this time it was the dog and horse on a small scale, which he had before drawn on the plank in a larger size.

‘There is not much in it,’ thought Johannes; ‘he is weary with the events of the day.’ There was a restlessness about the boy; he looked about, his eye scrutinized everything from top to bottom; Johannes remarked how his eye wandered everywhere. ‘It will be otherwise,’ he thought; ‘the shy animal instinct, that knows itself chased and pursued, is still within him!’

Johannes had to work till late in the night, his spirits were, however, lighter that evening; his lamp cast a glow on the face of the sleeper.

‘Now Nature,’ he said, ‘show what thou canst do! Thou hast endowed this child; beauty, talent, capacity, though now perverted, are there; we will make him a *human being*, a happy free man! If I can snatch him from the jaws of destruction, and succeed in my task, it will be a help to us both.’ And Johannes thought, ‘Shall I give him a strict teacher? I will try the work myself, with patience and gentleness.’

He fell asleep with pleasant feelings. When he

got up the next morning and opened the door of his room, there was no one there; the room was empty.

‘The boy had run past her as if the ground had burnt under his feet,’ said the maid, when Johannes asked her if she had seen the bird that had flown away.

‘I shall not see him again, unless I send a police-officer to look after him in Saint Giles’s,’ thought Johannes. His purse was gone—he had placed it in the coat which he had left in the room—besides a ring which had lain on the table.

‘This is an unsuccessful attempt; I have little luck,’ he said to himself. ‘There must, however, be yet something for me to draw from life. The earth is illumined by the work of our minds; the dust is swept away by the activity and labour of our hands. This poor youth is one of thousands! I have hitherto lived as a human being, who has no heart for any but himself.’ He was glad that his literary work was drawing to a close, for he had lost all lively interest in it.

‘I will seek to know them, those “heavenly powers,” who thrust us into life, and leave men in misery,’ he thought. ‘If they are to be grasped and known, who would not for such a price “eat his bread with tears,” and sit weeping through the

sorrowful nights ?' A deep sympathy had touched his heart. Maria's pale image stood with folded hands before him. He saw himself in ignominy and degradation, and he said to himself, 'Thousands are suffering violence and languishing.' He felt that he yet knew but little, and had accomplished nothing. Among all men, the artist seemed to him the *happy* one, for he brings his ideal to perfect realisation. *His* work, he well knew, could *never* be concluded, for his material was life.

He had been early destined to be a physician ; in this now lay his vocation. He had again and again deviated from it. A tendency to drift, if wind and waves were favourable—a desire to land where the banks were green and flowery—had allured him from the path of persistent useful work ; his destiny now brought him back to it with renewed energy.

One circumstance occurred which enabled him to carry out the desire he had cherished on his return from India. The Count sent him word that Palladio, after having received the notice of Maria's death, and come into possession of her property, had indulged in lavish excesses and would no longer stand in his way. The cholera had at that time appeared, here and there, in North Germany. In Hanover, it was said that the hotel-keeper

Palladio had died of it. The Count knew that he had escaped to America. His establishment was bankrupt, in spite of the money he had received. This was a fortunate circumstance in Johannes' life, and he could now join the forces in Holstein, where the suspension of arms had come to an end, and the troops were advancing to rapid action. The Count had recommended Johannes to the commander of a corps, who was a Hanoverian.

Some days before he left London, a surprise reached him in the form of a packet, which the postman placed on his table. It was an elegantly bound book, in French, 'Reminiscences of Travel in Greece and Italy, by a Lady.' Art and works of art, scenes from nature, famous personages, touches from books, witty *aperçus*, with a varnish of refined life; the position and rights of women, their vocation to artistic and poetic greatness, their right to free development and command of life; and I know not what else, was contained in this kaleidoscope of a book, and presented a confused medley betraying the happiest self-confidence. A letter from the authoress accompanied the gift. The Principessa had become a literary celebrity. As a sovereign dispenses orders *pour le mérite*, she felt herself called upon to confer honours and re-

membrances on worthy men. Johannes had visited India in the train of a well-known scholar; she thought she could give him the energy he lacked, and hoped to help him to rise from obscurity to name and fame. Her court numbered other brilliant names; well-wishing was all she bestowed on him.

The lady was full of illusions, and her life was played out like a well-arranged piece of music. The palace in Genoa, with its splendid colonnade and proud gallery, had been ceded by the widow, as she had no son, to the brothers of her deceased husband; but she was rich enough to live brilliantly in her wise and temperate manner. The palazzo on the mountain, where her father had lived, was her residence during the fine season of the year; she spent the winter in Paris; and she invited Johannes, if his way should lead him in that direction, to visit her. At the end of the letter there was a postscript, in which the lady commissioned him, just as if she had seen him yesterday, to procure her the sketches of furniture of the Renaissance period which were in Lord Arthur's castle, or to inform her of an artist in London who would execute them for her at a moderate price. The letter concluded by saying, that a man's character may be seen in the arrange-

ment of his room, and in the taste with which he combines the beautiful with the useful.

The sight of her hand-writing had touched him ; her tone of superiority, and the commission at the end of her letter, made him smile. He was in a state of mind in which we almost languish for truthfulness of feeling !

He laid the book aside, and wandered through the gloomy avenues of the park, where the nightingales were singing.

He answered her letter with a few words of thanks, and at the same time bid her farewell.



*BOOK THE NINTH.*

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## CHAPTER I.

FRANZISKA'S HOME.

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Schleswig-Holstein, stammverwandt,  
Wanke nicht, mein Vaterland.

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ON a hot day, early in July, the musician Klaren was sitting supporting his somewhat too long chin on the polished head of his walking-stick, and looking before him with his grey, deep-set, and sparkling eyes. He was sitting, with a fine coverlet thrown over his knees, on an easy-chair, under a group of lime-trees in the centre of a large court-yard, apparently enjoying the summer heat of noonday, when everything in the country has, as it were, gone to sleep, and it is dinner-time within doors. The artist had come on a visit from Hamburg to Schleswig-Holstein at an unfavourable time, for there was unrest and excitement throughout the land in the year 1850; he

had everywhere encountered troops and soldiers. The Duchies would not submit to be merged in Denmark ; they wished to remain German, and it was now allowed them to defend themselves, and to make the attempt to fight their way with their young army and their old rights. The Governments of Germany washed their hands in innocence, and played the part of impartial spectators in the impending contest.

Klaren had not thought that the decision would have been arrived at so soon, otherwise he would have preferred remaining in Hamburg. It was fortunate that in the neighbourhood, at any rate on this day, there was some repose. The day before the village was full of soldiers, quartered in the different houses ; to-day the troops had advanced further, and all was quiet. The artist had a finely-strung soul, susceptible to every discord ; his nerves had grown still more excitable during the eight years that had elapsed since we last saw him ; and his deformed figure seemed to have sunk still more, so that his arms and slender hands seemed longer than ever. But his mind was active and lively, and his heart had never changed.

There was something strangely agreeable in the stillness of this noontide hour. Beasts and birds and other habitants of earth and air seemed to

have withdrawn for rest and sleep; the bees alone were humming in the lime-blossoms, and now and then a breeze stirred and passed softly through the splendid roof above him, wafting down to him the delicious fragrance of the blossoms.

Klaren had looked around him with a cheerful smile. Suddenly, however, the expression of a sad resignation stamped itself on his fine face: far from the stable, behind the court-yard, he caught the sound of the Schleswig-Holstein song. Two powerful young voices, natural enough without any touch of art-knowledge, were giving free vent to their enthusiasm and joyousness in the ringing song; and Klaren could indulge in reflections upon rudeness in matters of art, to which mankind still stuck fast in our cultivated century. Even he who wears a good coat, sits decently at table, is schooled in matters of life and intercourse, or has even finished a learned course of study, has little taste for art; so that good people and bad musicians strut about in a thousand forms, and condemn the soul and feeling of some of their fellow men to eternal martyrdom, unless they are healthy as the young, and have nerves like the ropes on which the church bells are moved.

The face with the said expression passed, how-

ever, into a pleasant smile, as the singers came out of the stable. Two young soldiers, with light vigorous figures, crossed the court-yard to go into the house, which, large and old-fashioned, built of red brick, with several mansards beneath the high roof, and a door with a framework of stone volutes at the top of a broad flight of steps, had rather a distinguished appearance. A garden, with stiff avenues, and small beds full of flowers, which, in modern pleasure-grounds, would scarcely be tolerated, lay on the other side of the house. A splendid avenue of chestnut-trees led from this to a lake; in the centre of which there was a small mound of earth, called 'The Island;' here there stood a summer-house of bark, protected by a high hedge against attacks from the lake side across the little wooden bridge. A couple of sandstone divinities had here their quiet sanctuary.

From the group of lime-trees in the courtyard, where seats and chairs were arranged round a table on a small elevation, a wide view was obtained of the open country. The eye could see the meadows, intersected by a brook, where the cattle lay in the heat, under willows and alder-trees. The village church-tower, encircled by trees, afforded a resting-point; otherwise the eye was lost in an endless distance, bounded by the

horizon like the sea. Vast corn-fields followed each other, separated by hedges, where woodbine and wild roses found their way between bushes of sloe and whitethorn, as is so characteristic of Holstein and Schleswig. On the garden side the house lay a wood, where splendid beeches and oaks afforded shelter. There was something in the landscape which touched the musician with a sense of harmonious seclusion. He had come to visit his friend, and once favourite pupil, Franziska. She had been married five years, and for the first time Klaren had come to see her at her own house. She was the wife of the bailiff, whose district extended along the Schleswig frontier, and who resided in the handsome house belonging to the post. The two young soldiers, who had just passed, were her step-sons, who were serving as volunteers in the Schleswig-Holstein army, and who were at home for one day on leave.

The sons had so absorbed the attention of the whole family, that even the worthy guest had, on their account, been left alone. The chaise that was to convey them away was already rattling up to the house, over the rough stone pavement leading from the out-offices. It was only an old vehicle. Klaren thought it a lumbering old coach ;

but two splendid bay horses were harnessed to it, and the coachman on the box looked as if he had almost the right of master of the house. The hour of noon was past, and the court-yard began to be alive again ; and the song ‘ Schleswig-Holstein stammverwandt ’ was again on the lips of the merry servants and maids who were going to their work. Klaren thought that this song would gradually take possession of him ; wherever he went, it met him ; on the journey, the postillion had blown it on his horn ; in Hamburg, it had reached his ears at every street corner, and on every tormented and tuneless instrument. He had latterly always made a *détour* when he returned home in the evening from his game of cards ; for a band of musicians had persistently struck up whenever he came by. Street-musicians and barrel-organs had so much increased in number and barefacedness since the year 1848 of blessed memory, that Klaren thought this plague was the worst of all that the time had produced. The year 1848 had altogether transformed the world to him into a kind of chaotic madness. Old friends had been sundered, and he found everlasting political disputes, the applauding and criticising of the different parties absorbing every family. The revolutionary spirit had become too bold for Klaren.

In principle there was something in it that suited him ; but as it developed itself, it assumed a form which inclined to the monstrous. But where was Franziska all this time ? She still came not, and Klaren felt annoyed that the friend, for whose sake he had made the journey, should leave him thus sitting under the lime-trees, without troubling herself about his existence.

‘Such a man as I ought to cease to live ; he who loves no longer and is deluded no longer, ought to be dead and buried. I love and am deluded, however, just the same as ever,’ thought he, and a smile passed over his countenance ; ‘my delusion is that on this earth, illumined by divine sunlight, by the God of all the Muses, and by the bestower of every spark of fire in the human breast, I expect to see all sorts of wishes and hopes fulfilled ; although I know that the old stock bears no blossoms, not even a couple of leaves ; and, secondly, I have an immoderate affection for the scores which I have arranged in my cell. I almost live gradually in them, just as Fra Angelico Beato lived in his cell, amid the loveliest revelations. In so doing, however, one has little in common with men ; and musical performances come to nothing. Moreover, I cannot stand them any longer. What is one to do, when the instrument

is not in perfect tune? I think sometimes this one or that one is in a good way, and then suddenly a singer or a prima donna, with her clever style, thrills through me, like a box on the ears. I make my bow, and turn away with inward agony. Two years I have laboured and endured! I know that all humanity suffers from some frailty; have not I my deformity, and do I not make a horrible face when anyone comes in my way that I do not like to see? I am becoming, by degrees, a sort of Marsyas, and am being flayed alive.

‘Good Franziska,’ he thought, and shook his head; ‘she has never any time. Everyone wants something of her; she has work and duty, so to speak, for everyone. She likes to take away everyone’s care and trouble; and if she cannot put it on her own shoulders, she has not done enough. Is this the high aim of female work and life? But she blooms and thrives; she is grown more beautiful; her heart is calm, her nerves are so also. She can even listen to false singing, without grinding her teeth; she will even accompany it! The more falsely those genuine natures sing, the happier are their faces; and the more satisfied she looks, as if with the joy of others a bit of paradise were lighting on her, and she was refreshed with the heavenly manna.’



Klaren sat, lost in thought, and shook his head almost sadly. Why had she yesterday conducted him to his room earlier than was his wont! Her voice had sounded charmingly in its soft murmurings.

‘You must not listen,’ she had said, ‘but we must have a farewell song; the dear boys are going to-morrow to the field, and they like singing! They have, indeed, no music in them, but all birds twitter in the spring-time. It is spring, too, for us! We still hope that our side will win!’

‘Good God,’ thought Klaren, ‘man proposes everything, so long as he lives in the light of hope; it makes the oldest young, and challenges fate. They sing their song with the right sentiment and tenderness; they are inwardly inspired by the mighty rhythm of feeling.’

And it passed through Klaren’s mind how his host had yesterday asserted that there was nothing better for man, and especially for the young, than a war; that he, too, had had the good fortune to be young at a time when the French rule had been overthrown, and the German youth had forsaken the universities.

Klaren himself had his remembrances of that time. He had worked his way from distress and poverty to that which seemed to him higher than

any freedom from *outward* foes, namely, inward light and brightness. He had at that time played much bad music on his violin, and the wild witches' sabbath, which had whirled round him in the dining-halls, amid dust and the odour of punch, passed before him in the stillness of his meditative solitude, like a living memory.

'Ho, ho!' he said, drawing himself up, and something of the old humour flashed through the refined atmosphere of his mind: 'We have been young also; there was a time when we could listen to bad music, and fancied heavenly bells were ringing somewhere in the background, alluring us from the prison-house in which we were immured! At that time, in my stormy period, when passion, ridiculously enough, felt itself called upon to find vent in musical expression, I dedicated a hymn to courage in death, which is really an elevated feeling of life! My own contemporaries were not noble enough for me; they must be Greek youths, such as marched to Marathon! We had seen a few statues of gods—that is, a couple of plaster-of-Paris models had come before us! My eagle of song strutted before my heroes with a melody which might be compared with a long-legged stork. These honest Schleswig-Holstein lads need no better; they lie scattered about on battle-

fields, and I ought to rejoice when the thunder of cannon sounds to them as the song of triumph; and the hymns with which musicians or poets celebrate the victim's offering, may sweeten the hour of death, the departure from a world full of false discords !'

In the front of the house, however, there now appeared a group of people, who, in their lively grace, afforded pleasure to the eye even of the spoiled artist. In the centre of the group there stood a slender woman, a blooming boy in her arms; another, some years older, was pushing his way through and clinging to her; by her side stood a beautiful girl of scarcely sixteen years, and Franziska looked beside her step-daughter like a white rose, which has just as much vigorous life as its young sister, splendid in the blush of early youth.

Presently the sons came out of the house, one after the other; the guest still remained sitting on the bench; he was no disturber in family scenes. The young soldiers went up to him, however, and shook his delicate hands more heartily than was, perhaps, agreeable to their sensitive owner.

'You will pay us another visit, when we have peace. Adieu! adieu'

The words sounded across the court-yard, in haste and joyous confidence.

Klaren looked in the direction where Franziska was standing, on the steps by the carriage-door.

‘So this is her world,’ he thought; and in the depths of his soul there was something which said, ‘What does a human being desire, after all, better than working, loving? living among good and healthful fellow-men?’ He knew well, however, that a being does need something else.

They got into the carriage; one of the young men sprang upon the box and took the reins.

‘Farewell, farewell, till our next happy meeting.’ There was a mixture of sadness and of courage in the sound of the words.

Decisive events were now immediately impending. The Danish forces were concentrating their strength more and more; that they might march forward unimpeded. The Holstein army, partly re-modelled under General Willisen’s directions, lay scarcely three miles distant. The father purposed accompanying his sons back to the camp. The man who possessed Franziska as his wife was somewhat past fifty; the bailiff had seen the world; the culture of the eighteenth century, in which he had been partly educated, imparted to him a certain gentleness and philosophical even-

ness of demeanour, to which his natural disposition, moreover, inclined him. He had a fine countenance, with a benevolent expression; his hair was already white, but his blue eyes had a keen glance. In advocating the right of the Duchies, the bailiff had emphasised his German sentiments, more for the sake of right than from feeling and inclination. Ever since the struggle had broken out, this house had taken the lead in devotion and self-sacrifice; whatever the circumstances of the time demanded had been rendered, without any merit having been made of it. With all his great business activity, the bailiff had kept his interest in passing events alive by new books and papers: he read much, but for his amusement only, his old authors, or such as recognise a moral order of things; he loved poetry and music when they excited tender feelings in him, and pleased his ear with their simple loveliness. A certain distinguished reserve in manner repelled many, for he was accustomed to unlimited authority in his official position, and equally so to rule in his house and family. Franziska was perfectly devoted to her husband; he seemed to have sympathies in common with her. Klaren observed him with especial attention, and he pondered over the riddle of life and the contradictions in human hearts.

‘Be quiet, Leonora,’ he heard the father say, in a serious voice, to his beautiful daughter, who wept aloud at her brothers’ departure, and sobbed as if her heart would break. ‘What is the use of giving way when a thing must be?’

And the carriage drove across the court-yard, the bailiff still looking back and greeting his wife; his eyes seemed to rest upon her. Franziska, however, went into the house, for her tears were also filling her eyes, and in the sitting-room sat her mother, Frau Warning, who seemed to have grown younger with time; and she wept, too, and shook her head at the fearful war and the perversity of men who exposed their sons voluntarily to death, and threw the victims at the very feet of Moloch!’

‘We shall not see them again,’ said the grand mother solemnly, when Franziska tried to comfort her. ‘Christian had a cough, and he has forgotten the bottle of syrup. He took it out of the knapsack where I had put it for him and some money with it; the money he fortunately saw and kept it.’ And the old lady held the medicine-glass up to the light and groaned inwardly still more, for never before had her syrup been so clear and good.

‘That people would but leave each other the blade of joy which seems to make a hundred-

weight of woe easier to them,' thought Franziska; 'the dear fellow might just as well have thrown away the bottle outside!' And she fetched her fair-haired boy and put him on his grandmother's lap, and the other came in riding on his father's walking-stick, with an improvised whip in his hand formed of a bough and a piece of twine, and made his stable arrangements in a corner of the room. Their cheeks glowed so heathily, the voices of the children sounded so merrily, their eyes were so bright! Trouble the little ones gave certainly; Frau Warning was never pleased when the furniture was moved out of its place, but mother and daughter knew nevertheless that in sweet child-life there is a balm for the bitterness and sorrow of existence.

At last Franziska could go to her old friend. She had prepared a late dinner for the worthy guest, as he was not accustomed to the early hours of the country. The disturbance of the day had been distressing to her on his account.

'There is a kind of humour in the caprice of accident,' began Klaren; 'I have always postponed this journey to you. Then the gentlemen, the authorities of our city, appropriated my house! They could not allow me a corner of it any longer; the pine-tree must come down; the wall was in

the way ; a straight street, with barracks, was to be made wider. I must therefore go ; and since I cannot lie in the streets, I must find a new abode. While my old housekeeper looks after the removal, I am to be out of the way ; my old Mamsell is my providence on earth ; God grant her a long life ! She is daily more misanthropical and violent, but with her scolding eloquence she wards off from me all hostile attacks ; her humours strike me sometimes rather heavily, but she takes care that I can find my things, and I need swallow nothing indigestible, as I should have to do in the poisonous concoctions of a common cook. While this angel of my life therefore chooses to have me away, so that the purgatory of the new dwelling may be somewhat mitigated, I come to you, when, instead of repose and rural peace, I must fall into war and barbarism.'

Franziska had pressed the hand of her old friend ; under any circumstances it was delightful to meet again.

She sat down beside him on the seat, and looked over his shoulder at the pianoforte part of an opera, which lay on the table before him. The music-seller had placed the new work in the carriage, that he might have it with him as a travelling companion.



‘There must be some universal law in revolutions, dear friend,’ began Klaren, as he resumed the conversation ; ‘each new art epoch opens with what we old people call anarchy. Look at these musical combinations. As I read, I am filled with the passionate unrest which seized me ten years ago, and made me grasp my violin and rave and weep in its tones, as though I must dance with the old serpent, and say to her : “Thou art beautiful, but thou art good for nothing ; thou entanglest the world, me and everything else, but as thou thus beginnest and coilest and glidest, no god-sent angel will redeem thee from intoxication and misery !” And then came the thirst for happiness and enjoyment and the powerlessness of human desire.’ Klaren paused.

‘If you have time, Franziska, this evening, you shall look through what I have in my portfolio here. It is sacred music, but I can unfortunately only hear it with my inward ear—who can sing anything of the kind ? I have accomplished no ordinary performance. It would avail me nothing if I still had my great hall with the gobelin tapestry which my friend opened in her house for my academy. The hall was burnt in the great fire, and the friend is dead !’

‘Who is there to practise my singers for me now?’

‘So I have done with music, as my friend the print-seller has done with his business. He could not put up with cheap engravings and lithographs, nor could I with the excellence of our musical performances. In the present day all the world is musical, but such as we in consequence starve. We are not of opinion that the great forms and figures of art are to be turned into charming ornaments and playthings for toilets and writing-tables, nor do we find it desirable that a ray of the great mental sun shall be confined as a small light in one of our house lanterns! My friend is now immured in a corner in Rome, and collects engravings; he does not go beyond the fifteenth century; they have grudged me my corner in Hamburg. But I know that my Redeemer lives, and my Redeemer especially from all impurity and passion. This truth flashes and radiates from the sacred music of this score as from the shield of the archangel; the pure proud eyes look at me grandly and sternly, and will know nothing of the frivolities of personal sufferings and passions!’

‘Why did you not stay with me Franziska?’

said Klaren, after a pause ; and he took her hand and held it between his own and looked sadly in her face. Suddenly the old humour played around his fine lips. 'It is true,' he said ; 'the wife has accomplished a greater work ; like the stocking-knitting baroness in Hoffmann's fairy tales, who really belonged to the Salamanders, she has learned the art of metamorphosis.'

Klaren paused, for Franziska raised her serious eyes to him, and he continued his interrupted remark only in thought.

'I look back to the time when we were in Italy together,' he thought, 'she, with her deep wound at heart, and yet how uplifted above everything by the great works and influences of art ! How I saw her that night in the Sistine before Palestrina's music ! Thoroughly spiritualised by it, every fibre of her bosom thrilling full of fervour, her tears scarcely restrained. At that time, she had no one but me ; I, a crippled fool, with one foot in the grave ! Now she has wound the tendrils of poetry and admiration round a prosaic stem. She has children, and children are the climax of every woman's desires ! They pursue art secondarily, when a husband and children are there ; the mental physiognomy is lost sight of in the expression of feeling common to the sex. What she

here does, any housekeeper could do for a few thaler's wages ; in the *hours* perhaps the difference may lie. Well, woman's lot is service ! That which I value so highly in her, her husband probably regards as a superfluous gift, as a disturbing element in the bargain, and trains her in propriety and repose. But her eyes are bright, her cheeks have rounded, she looks younger and fresher ! Good Franziska ! Woman is born to obey the demands of nature, and thus we must submit to the universal law.'

Franziska had meanwhile told her friend that she never could have imagined it possible that a time could have been so heavy to her as the present, in which the land of Schleswig-Holstein was so burdened with war and care.

'But *German* we will remain—"Schleswig-Holstein undivided !" Fidelity is nobler than life.'

'It is also a universal law, and to this I reconcile myself with difficulty,' said Klaren, 'that civilised mankind separate themselves into nationalities, and find it a point of honour to maintain their boundary-posts and fences, or to advance them into another territory. If you do not concede to me, Franziska, that mankind honours ideas, that the rude beginnings of civilisation are like the idols which

we keep in museums as the first attempts of art, you and I are further sundered than I like to think.'

'Not further, Klaren,' said Franziska, 'than lies in our relations of life. I shall be *young* again when I hear your good voice, but the *old* time you must never wish to bring back to me.' And Klaren took Franziska's hand and passed it over his high forehead; then he let it go again, saying; 'Your fingers are still slender; your soul will some day yet find its way to the keys.'

'How should I live if I had not my books, my Goethe, and my music?' said Franziska, warmly. 'How can one cease to love or be unfaithful, where one has found the highest and purest joy of mind? But now it is the height of the summer with me; and if you are only eight days in the country, you will know, Klaren, that in the summer every one has plenty to do; one work presses upon another. I have understood you,' she continued after a pause; 'certainly it is all right for me as it is. A musician I could not have been; you have yourself inspired me with aversion of that which is partly occupied with art and partly with life. Do you remember when we were in the Vatican, in that splendid rotunda? How, in the midst of the Muses, stood the head of the Muses, like a

priest in a long garment. I often think of that noble assembly ; at the time, tears of joy stood in my eyes. How peculiar is each Muse in style and appearance ; even the fall of the drapery about the figures, the manner in which the hair is fastened and the wreaths are twisted in it. But all are listening ; there is in all the same waiting for bliss and calm reception it ! They can reflect and wait and listen ; they are so formed that the god acts within them, and it is *his* beams which shine forth from their serene eyes. You know, Klaren, it was but a poor simple sound which came from my soul ; feeble attempts, like the flowers which the heath produces ; there was no high power and capacity in me ! I could not have come forward as a virtuoso ; even that I could not have accomplished, for I cannot make my fingers flexible by any amount of industry and perseverance, and a hall full of strange people would have taken away all my power. I should not, moreover, like your friend who died, have been fit to be a teacher and director, for I have no authority over others, and my time is bad. When I now and then brought you my small compositions, you took them, as you would lovingly have taken a field flower or a violet, when I told you I had plucked it. If a man will advance in

art, so that he may have a pleasure in it for his whole life, he must possess other powers and capabilities than have been given to me. I can be nothing by halves, far rather would I go where I can be true and entire in my allotted place.'

Klaren shook his head.

'This group of limes is indeed somewhat different to the rotunda in the Vatican,' said Franziska. 'I shall probably not see it again; but, I did not belong to such splendour; I belong here. No man can go beyond himself. Let me, then, go on working, not seeking for more than I have; my world is not poor! I hear the leaves rustle, as I sit here in the evening, and the day with its work is over; my children are asleep, my husband is sitting over his papers or reading his books; my mother no longer frets about me; everything is as well cared for as I can wish, and I see the sun setting in its glory over the fields, and it appears as beautiful in my eyes as the God before whose lyre all is harmony. Do you see the open place here between the leaves; the stars gleam through here. I hear also music after my own fashion; my mind is calm; I am reconciled with that which you call my destiny; I call it the ways of God. And now, Klaren, be quiet about me, as I am about you; believe I am proud and vain and

domineering. Wherever I am, I like to be at the head ; here, at home, it is not indeed a proud throne, and it is not hung with velvet and silk and gold tassels, but it is nevertheless my seat of honour. My husband esteems me more highly than anyone else in the world ; my children are *mine*, my sacred, dear property. I shall have to give them up in due time ; the world and life will demand them of me ! Then I must take a subordinate part, and if I can bear that also in strength and resignation, think, Klaren, that you also have helped me ; that my soul has attained to some harmony, that it does not like a broken discord pass plaintively and unsatisfactorily into vacancy and dreariness. How can a man desire to have all good for naught ? I feel myself called and pledged to my post.'

There was a pause between the two friends. Franziska's beautiful step-daughter came out of the garden, carrying carefully in front of her a vase of antique form, which Franziska had brought from Italy, and which she had now just been filling with flowers and fruit. The lovely form slowly advanced up the steps, the head a little bent forward, and the long dress slightly gathered up.

'What do you say to the picture, Klaren.' Need I go into a museum or a picture-gallery, if



my eye wants to see what is lovely?' said Franziska, smiling; and she bent forward to her friend, and kissed him heartily.

'But now come, the ornament of our table is there; we will keep our Symposium, although you will find no Diotime through whom a Plato arrives at his sublime ideas. Give me your warm hand and the kind look of old times.'

They went up the stairs into the dining-room, with its old-fashioned paper, and the simple curtains at the numerous windows. There was much that might have been criticised in the arrangement of the room, but it was lofty and cool. Klaren thought the table excellently served; he discovered, moreover, a wine, which refreshed his heart; and, as Franziska said, 'There were three generations there to do him honour.'

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Three days had passed, and in spite of all that had gone wrong at the beginning, the musician felt himself at ease in the pleasant, hospitable house. Franziska left him certainly much alone, but no one disturbed him in the cool spare room, into which they had moved the piano, and where they provided him with flowers, as if he were a sort of spring divinity. Frau Warning, who had

her state apartments arranged in the upper storey, was satisfied that the worthy guest should not visit her again after he had once cast his eyes upon her tasteful arrangement. When Klaren sat under the group of limes, he smiled cheerfully, for the beautiful Leonora sat beside him, and he listened as she told him how happy it had all been ever since the mother had been at home, and how her father had been far more friendly both to her and her brothers, and how she had never known her real mother, and had become fond of *this* one. The bailiff was overwhelmed with business; the war and the restless period had brought all sorts of cares and annoyances with it. His hopes for the success of the Schleswig-Holstein arms were in nowise sanguine. Klaren would much rather have conversed on other subjects. The bailiff's cool intelligence, and clear logic harmonised but little with the more imaginative mind of the musician.

The bailiff possessed a good-nature against which no reasonable malice could exist. He was now concerned about the fate of many families, who, if victory were not on their side, must go abroad in poverty. He himself possessed an estate in Holstein, and this old property must remain in his family under all circumstances. The circumstances of

the time involved him in losses of various kinds, and he was modest enough to refer the repose and steadfastness with which he looked forward to the future not alone to the strength of his own character.

## CHAPTER II.

## RETROSPECT.

PEOPLE in the country are rarely aware that the town people who visit them have little taste for the splendours which are shown to them. The proprietor, who is himself an agriculturist, delights in showing his cattle, stalls, or his stables; it gives him pleasure to say to his guests: 'This field forms the limit to my estate; the high-road, on which the carriage moves joltingly enough, passes through my lands; I have here succeeded in rounding off my property.' One's own land is an important bit of earth. Assiduous are the labours of the agriculturist; not always rich is his reward; but he who cultivates the soil loves it, and feels himself bound to it and almost belonging to it. To the bailiff's house there belonged a large piece of land, but the bailiff was a lawyer, and not an agriculturist. No other claims were, therefore, made upon Klaren than that he now and then should consent to a drive. In the meadows all were just now occupied in getting in the hay;

the maids from the bailiff's house were obliged to help, for the male part of the youth were chiefly employed in the field of battle. The freshly-mown grass melts pleasantly ; the grain was ripening for the harvest ; the lime-trees were in bloom, and the tall beeches in the wood afforded charming shade. The children flitted about like butterflies, enjoying every country pleasure. Once Klaren had been conducted by Franziska into the large stables and barns, which had been arranged for the reception of the sick and wounded, and he now knew why she had left him much alone, why her fingers were pricked with sewing, and her hands less cared for than he had liked. He would have preferred seeing Franziska in a fine dress, in a boudoir filled with art treasures ; but he now found her simple attire and absence of ornament more suitable. Klaren appreciated every kind of excellence. Franziska was liberal with her wealth ; her servants and all around her were well taken care of, and she thought more of luxury for others than for herself. The claims which were made on the house demanded an open hand, and the important position of her husband required that his means should be sparingly used ; and the connexions of the family had their rights. The demands made by the war, and the distress of the fatherland,

had called forth the utmost generosity of heart. Thus the bailiff, as there was a battle expected in the neighbourhood, professed his readiness to arrange his large outhouses for the reception of the wounded who required immediate help. For this object Franziska had worked and cut out, with her neighbours and maids; beds and stores were made ready, and supplies of all kinds were accumulated. There was a large room on the ground-floor near the kitchen, and here she had spent the afternoon at work with the others.

‘It is not much that we can do,’ she said to Klaren, ‘and yet it is all that we are able. How well it is that we did not spend the winter of last year in a town! One feels so utterly useless when one has to stand by and cannot help and give anything, and our people are all the time bleeding for us and venturing their life.’

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But good and beautiful as everything was in this house, it was not the right place for the artist; and Klaren was satisfied when, after fourteen days, his housekeeper arrived to conduct him to his new abode. He had here partially, however, cast aside his wonted habits; and if in Franziska’s loving presence he had now and then thought his

housekeeper a miserable makeshift, he now rejoiced in the sweetness of being by himself again. The town of Hamburg found less favour in his sight; but he had, after all, society when he wished for it, and people with whom contact was refreshing, though there might be opposition or vexation in his intercourse with them. Here in the country there was an end of culture and variety; he was thrown upon himself and his own experiences. He had been admitted so thoroughly into a happy domestic circle that the question rose in his mind whether by choice or destiny such a lot had been denied to him? He had thought Franziska's boys beautiful; they had angels' heads on their pretty little figures; but Klaren preferred closing his door when he heard their pattering footsteps in his vestibule. Franziska had always been strangely near and dear to him; an artist's heart is never old. Since he had seen her in her domestic life, he felt that marriage and a family are death to all the labours of genius; a *good* marriage, with well-secured civil relations, appeared to him especially critical; the life is too easy, and the character runs to seed.

The uniformity of country life suited him less and less every day. Klaren could not work when he was travelling; he could accomplish nothing

when he was torn away from his usual habits. Now he could no longer endure the sight of the large corn-fields. He had often as a boy run through such, with his violin under his arm, following his father, when the latter, with his barrel-organ on his back, went to the markets, which were held in the summer time in the villages round Hamburg. In the midst of the noise and mob, and amid the dust and exhalation, how the hot July sun had burned down on the head of the weak, crippled boy! Must he, in his idyllic solitude, be again reminded that man sometimes catches a glimpse of hell upon this earth? A few miles off everything was in unrest, like some wild animal, that, crouching down, awaits the moment when it may venture to spring on its adversary, and seize him by the throat; so did war rush on through this paradise of rest! Klaren was glad when his housekeeper, who looked like some venerable caricature, reminded him that there is still here and there in the world something wholesomely comical.

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When old friends meet again after long separation, they have to repress at first the image of each other that they have carried in their minds,



and it is only by degrees that they find again the familiar features ; and if they have long desired each other, and have been at last together, they part with the feeling that they have not used and enjoyed the good time as they had wished and intended. This Franziska felt, when, the evening before her friend's departure, she was sitting with him, while her husband had gone some distance on business. She had wished to put a question to him, and the words seemed to halt upon her lips. 'Have you never heard from *him* again?'—the question remained in her heart, and she was silent in her deep inward emotion. She was sitting looking out of the window at the calm moonlit landscape. 'It is well that Klaren is going,' she thought ; 'his music, the world in which he lives, snatches me out of myself, so that the time appears almost blissful to me, when I was *not* happy as I now am." A shudder thrilled through her, as if she were committing a wrong, and Franziska got up from the window where she had been sitting and had drunk in the cool night air. 'I, am younger than I like to be,' she thought. It seemed to her, nevertheless, as if she were again separating from a part of her life, for Klaren knew the history of her past, which no one else knew ! It felt to her now, as she sat opposite to him, as if

years had vanished and had been obliterated ! How many years had elapsed since those fearful hours, when she had sought her friend, because she knew not where else to go in the wide world to find a human being to whom she could venture to show her face with its expression of anguish and agony. How good and gentle had he been to her ! He had behaved as if he saw nothing written in her countenance, but the good-will to read the notes which he had placed before her. What a time of pain had she passed through ! Is it possible that a human being can rise from such depths of sorrow to the light of a healthful existence ? Franziska thought of the time after the great fire, when she had been recovering from the fever, and resolving to direct her life into fresh channels of interest ! Alas ! she was like the sick man who tries to walk, but his breath fails and his knees totter. From day to day she had assured her mother that she was better and felt stronger ; the physician was of opinion that she would die of consumption ; he thought she was suffering from her chest, and desired her to go to Ems. How she had entered into society, and had appeared cheerful and composed, only that they might not take her away by force ! She thought at that time, that Johannes would possibly send some

word of his welfare, and they might withhold the letter from her. The jailer had sworn to her that Johannes knew *what* she had done for his liberation, and that he would certainly get away. He could surely have found ways and means to give her a token that he was alive ! She had lived so thoroughly in her hopes and wishes, that she had forgotten his love for another, she had forgotten the power of his love and jealousy ; as if he must and would seek *her* ; as if he must feel that she would seek him, find him and go with him, it was all one to her whither. She was ready for misfortune and misery, only that he should not have to bear them *alone*, and with no man asking after him !

What does not take place in the heart of a woman who lives in seclusion from the world, engrossed by one living feeling, shattered and imbued by it in every nerve and fibre, and who, in silence and reserve, has to master and overcome the mightiest of all the powers of life !

The residence at the gay Ems had been torture to her ; in Hanover it was no better. She was too proud to allow others to gain an insight into her heart and nature. What she felt was a kind of glory in her consciousness, and she heard her art commiserated as the sickly offshoot of a fan-

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tastic nature. More and more she roused herself, and drew the mantle of her conventional existence closer and closer round her, so that she might keep to herself, and no one should concern himself about her nor enquire of her. The patience with which her mother bore her gloomy unequal moods, cut her to the heart; but she could not yet come to any satisfactory conclusion. Soothing herself, she now thought Johannes might have gone to America, and she reckoned how long she would yet have to wait, or might venture to hope that a letter from thence would give her information respecting him. Every post-day she lived in a state of suspense, which burned like fever within her; when she heard the post-boy ring at the house-door, her knees knocked together; expectation and torment made the blood run chill through her veins! She had placed a limit to her hopes at last; and this time also passed without the consolation which her trusting passionate soul had longed for. The winter was at an end; spring brought new life; the uncertainty left her no repose! Then, one day she had gone into her mother's room and had found her weeping bitterly, with her head resting on her hands; but her mother did not look up, when Franziska approached her with loving sympathy.

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‘It will come to this, that we must separate,’ she said, in the bitterness of her heart; ‘you speak of great things, Franziska; but you have neither judgment nor real feeling; your love for me is vain and dead in its works! Your music and your reading are of no use to you! Close by here, in the underground floor, a daughter is lying on her bier; the mother refuses to be comforted; she has only the one child! I have told her that she is happier than I am. Her daughter is with God, and is at *peace*; mine is pursuing a shadow, and has no repose either with God or man!’

Franziska grew pale, as her remembrance of that hour floated this evening before her. Dissatisfaction and shame she had already often felt, when thinking of her dreamed-away life; after the violent emotions of her repentance, it has occurred to her that man *can* find repose, and that she *would* find repose there, where every heart finds it, and she had risen in the triumph of resignation.

Some weeks later Klaren had come to her; in his hands was the letter which she had so long ardently expected, and had awaited with such deep longing! Klaren had turned indignantly away, when Franziska, silent and deadly pale, had

replaced the letter in his hands. It was the letter which Johannes had addressed from Stettin to his old friend, in which he had asked after Maria; but with no word respecting the noble woman, who had suffered so much for him; whose heart, with or without his guilt, must have broken for his sake!

It seemed to Franziska as if the blood froze in her heart; but the agony in its fearful violence subsided. His name henceforth never passed her lips even to Klaren, but she found nevertheless that the love she had borne to him carried within it a yearning for immortality. It is consecrated ground where our dead lie in the grave; she never ceased in her heart to believe in the truth. Though she did not *know* how to explain matters, the whole world to her mind was false, rather than that she could believe that *he* was base! It was a consolation, however, to her that he had written; he hoped, in better times, to venture to approach his friend again! She hoped that he had met with men who were good and helpful to him! She could not endure a thought of misery for him! Where was that woman whom he had loved so much? Franziska felt that it is a mystery, fortune, destiny, fate, whatever draws human beings to each other; the worthiness and

unworthiness of our nature has little to do with it. Mysterious powers are here at work! Between him and her there *was* a link, although *she* had not understood it, and *he* had not felt it; it was there, even if he were dead for this world and she were never to see him more.

It was, however, a consolation to her, that she could now cast aside all bitter care as to his fate. How often had she carried her request to God that he might only not suffer too much, that he might not wrestle too terribly in the gloom and tempest, with poverty, want, and contempt! The possibility of his erring in conduct never occurred to her! If he was silent and did not ask after her, it was from rectitude and honour. He could not give her his whole heart, and he felt that *this* only, and no lukewarm thanks, was her right. His love had something in it of the fervour of martyrs, who see heaven open amid the stoning of their persecutors. She had, however, now a sense of pride; she *would* not perish in inactivity and grief; if he maintained himself erect, she had also the task of filling up the void in her existence. In her rich family there was nothing for her to do. Female associations for nursing the poor, itinerant and semi-official work of this kind, could only half satisfy her; in a vocation of this sort she

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would still remain alone, and she came accordingly to the resolution to devote herself entirely to music. Her mother regarded this as a new misfortune, but Klaren was satisfied. In order to conclude all connexion with the past, he had proposed a journey to Italy. Now and then, quite in the background of his feelings, the idea had occurred to him that he perhaps, after all, might suit his beloved pupil better than many another who was straight in figure but crooked in mind. On the journey, however, he and Franziska had come to an arrangement which decided their future. The musician was in a monastery in Siena, where a German whom he had known in his youth, and who, after having endured many storms of fate, had become a monk, had produced a score which soon repressed every other interest. His acquaintance, who superintended the singing of the pupils, had found a crushed roll in the monastery archives, under old accounts and papers; it was a mass, the notes of which, written on parchment, were scarcely legible from their size, so that Klaren had to use a magnifying-glass to decipher them. The composition seemed to him to be the work of the famous masters of the old Italian church music. No value was placed upon it in the monastery. Klaren was cautious in ex-



pressing his true opinion; he could secure for himself the invaluable discovery, and he now possessed the realisation of that which had ever hovered before his own artistic mind in unattainable splendour. He felt also the duty of making the noble treasure accessible to the world.

It was some time before he spoke with anyone respecting what he had found. When they came to Hamburg again, he had partly initiated Franziska into his delight, and had told her what now occupied him so entirely. Then came a time when his eyes were weak, and he was obliged to give them a long repose, but he had consigned the work to no one. During the last year he had resumed it; he had altogether recovered from his feeble state of health as is often the case with men of a certain toughness of nature, when they arrive at extreme age.

After her return from Italy, Franziska had studied harmony with great eagerness. Music to her was a higher utterance, a kind of mother-tongue for each pure and noble feeling, for every elevation of the soul, which can elsewhere find neither echo nor accord. But the more deeply she penetrated into the art, the less was she satisfied with her own powers. There is a point in every kind of artistic exercise, beyond which few advance, and it is just

*here* that the paths separate. Just where the innate power begins to assert its liberty, talent becomes paralysed and turns to reflection and imitation. Franziska possessed only one great power, and this was her heart and her fidelity. She had learned and understood much ; her execution on the piano could be captivating in its style when the right mood was on her, but *without* this mood she could do nothing. All that she composed and produced stood so far behind the creations which she admired and prized, that she felt humbled at her own taste. She could, moreover, not endure the solitude of her lot. She was born for action and love ; she needed warmth for her heart ; something living, if it were only a dog or flower ; the abstraction and egotism of a purely æsthetic enjoyment was not for her. She needed a human being to whose existence she would be necessary, who would accept her care and not be able to do without it ; who would become fond of her, and would belong to her as a child does to its mother's lap. Thus she had been led to a marriage which had surprised her family, and which Klaren had thought thoroughly unsuitable. Franziska had been with her mother on a visit in this neighbourhood ; the bailiff had been long a widower. She had thought, when she had

become acquainted with him : ‘ If this man were my father, how I should love him ! ’ His charming children had attached themselves to her. Franziska would not have married for money and property ; but a kind of sympathy, a hearty inclination and a tender esteem, drew her to the man who, so much older than herself, was held in great respect, and whose influential importance interested her. The great delight of her mother, when Franziska had resolved on a sensible marriage, had pleased her and pained her. Her mother now told her how little happiness she had hitherto imparted to her. Franziska felt that a human being cannot avoid his destiny ; she ought to have earlier made a marriage of reason, but at that time she had still believed in the rights of the heart. The time was over now when she worshipped a man as a god, in immoderate craving for happiness and almost Titan-like disregard of every barrier !

It had not been easy to her at first, after having had her own will with her mother from her youth up, to bend to the will of her husband, and to find side by side with her own judgment another as strong and firm, to which she must nevertheless yield ; but her husband had the tenderness of a noble character. Franziska had had greater

things to overcome ; she had had to conquer the opposition of a wife towards a husband with whom the power of love had not made her one in feeling ; but like a nun taking upon herself the solemn rules of the order, she had entered upon marriage. What she had voluntarily done, should advance to a good end and issue. And it had all been well ; she had a happy home ; she was beloved by many and was necessary to all. Her husband only blamed her for being too weak towards her children, for loving the little ones too passionately, and for always trying to mediate between the elder ones ; but in some way the heart will find vent, however much schooled by reason. She had also been obliged to learn many things to meet the requirements of a large household and an important position. She had, however, now passed beyond the dilettante efforts which her friend Klaren had taught her to despise in art, and she owed to her husband the truth and reality of her life and doings. She felt now that man must go the way that God assigns to him, and not that of his own caprice and desire. He enters the lists and serves his time ; he is *not free* ; duty enforces her rights ; through her, however, he attains to a knowledge of his powers and to the victory of honour.

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‘Is it possible, my friend,’ began Klaren, interrupting the silence in which he and Franziska had been sitting opposite to each other, and his grey deep set eyes seemed to grow brighter as they rested on the countenance of the woman and her grave and serious aspect. ‘Is it possible to imagine that we have spent fourteen days together under the same roof, and not once gone through the score together which I placed before you on the very first day, under the lime-trees? This old parchment here is my shrine, and now you can see plainly how I have worked my way through this flourish of notes. I assure you the further I have gone the greater has been my astonishment and my admiration. God, religion, immortality, hope, friends, relations, fame, and fortune; everything is superfluous; everything is within this world of music. He who enters here, needs nothing else.’

The musician placed himself at the piano, and Franziska sat by his side, her eyes following the notes; and after touching the first few introductory chords, they were soon lost in the sublimity of the fine anthem.

‘Hear,’ said Klaren after he had played the first few bars, ‘how that sounds and rises upwards, and echoes through the vault of heaven? The blessed

spirits from all the stars come and join in the chorus ; hear how they fall in, softly but firmly and securely !' And Klaren played further on the feeble instrument, and where his fingers sufficed not, he sang with his broken voice.

Franziska's eyes were bright and radiant ; she had imagination to soar and ears to hear, when a human heart and mind revealed itself in sound. She held out her hand to her friend when he had finished ; she did not speak, the echo was still sounding within her, as from the vault of heaven.

'But to the artist,' said Klaren, 'to him who understands somewhat, if only just a little of the matter, this work is worthy of astonishment. See how that is done ! Who could devise such ways of harmony ! Ever since I have been engaged in making this work acceptable to the world, it is as if a gate had been burst open within me. This is the shrine of music, before which I have always stood. I knew that it was there, but I could not enter in.'

And Klaren closed the book and rose from the piano, and walked with his head proudly erect, and his crippled figure, up and down the room, as though he were an Apollo in stature, and had never known anything of gout and sickness throughout his long godlike existence.

‘If there is an immortality and a Paradise, I hope the angels will play me this music purely and beautifully,’ he said. ‘Why, otherwise, should Raphael and all the other highly-honoured masters of painting have placed the choir of angels in the clouds around the throne of heaven? To some angels the viol and the bass-viol are assigned, and even drums and trumpets are evidently employed. I shall have my right, then, and must assert it. I have been tortured long enough on earth with imperfection and deficiency. Some day, I *shall* have my right.’

Franziska looked with an almost sad smile at her friend, for he had thrown himself exhausted into the arm-chair, and his head fell on his heaving breast.

It was soon, however, ten o’clock. Suddenly all was alive in front of the house. The rolling of a carriage was heard; the maid came with her light to the door. Leonora, the daughter who had been keeping the grandmother company, sprang down the stairs with her light step, and entered the guest’s apartment without knocking.

‘Father is there, and he is enquiring for you, mother,’ she said. ‘To-morrow there is to be a battle, the coachman has told me. The Danes

have set a village on fire ; our outposts must have been stationed there.'

'Let me have horses, said Klaren ; and he rose almost indignantly from his chair, and looked angrily at the beautiful young messenger. 'I will start homewards at once.'

The master of the house now entered, and calmed the agitated minds. The battle was really in prospect ; everyone was pressing forwards ; but Klaren saw that he could travel just as securely on the morrow, as his road lay southwards to Hamburg, and not towards Schleswig, where the fearful *spectacle* was to be performed ! He would not, however, leave his room again till his departure ; and as he drove away in the early morning, he did so with the painful feeling that he must leave his friend behind in the neighbourhood of war, and contest, and every human barbarity.

Franziska would not, indeed, have wished it otherwise. Her husband, with all his pedantic equanimity, had grown so excited and animated at the prospect of a battle, as if he had cast aside the snow from his white head, like some old fir-tree, when the spring breeze agitates it ; and Franziska was full of courage and patriotic enthusiasm.

Klaren had a long while to wait at the railway ;



the train which was to take him away was two hours delayed. Nothing was any longer in order ; nothing went on as it ought ; the fury of war was throwing everything into confusion !

The coachman, who fed his horses here, and was not to return home till the evening, brought Franziska a musical greeting, which her friend had jotted down for her in the tedium of waiting. The melody was tender and full of feeling, but he added a sketch on the margin. Klaren was in the habit of drawing with a crow-quill ; it was his resource whenever he was annoyed or vexed. Caricatures were on these occasions always the result, and Franziska was obliged to put up with it when he indicated her by a few strokes as Deborah, with her hair flying, and a couple of cymbals, which she was striking, in her hand ; he himself, with his crooked figure, was watching out of a rose, at the bottom of the vignette, and was touching plaintively his violin.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE BATTLE.

It was the 24th of July, the day of the battle of Istedt. The ground was parched with a burning heat, for no drop of rain had fallen for a long time. Every heart was full of excitement and uneasiness, for in the early morning a few cannon-shots had been heard, and the quiet neighbourhood was in a state of agitation. The troops were said to have met two leagues distant. People were standing in groups in front of the houses in the village. Each was asking his neighbour: 'Have you heard anything? Do you know what has happened?' They spoke of the wearisome march which the Holstein troops had accomplished in the glowing heat of the previous day. Why had the commanding officer not availed himself of the night? Young men were said to have died by the way from over fatigue; they talked of the exhaustion of the young troops, sufficient nursing had not been provided, and the Holsteiners cannot endure 'languishing.' Each

had somewhat to remember and to ponder upon; but everything was treated with the same steadfast spirit, which accompanies Holstein supineness.

The bailiff had sent all the horses and vehicles he possessed into the neighbourhood of the battle-field. With his accustomed calmness he explained to Franziska how that the matter of the Duchies, whether the battle were lost or won, would be decided in the diplomatic cabinet.

‘But a victory gives honour, weight, moral supremacy,’ said Franziska. ‘If the good cause is to fall, it will have saved its military honour by a battle won; it rests like a hero in the grave, and awaits its resurrection.’

‘Our lads are as daring as schoolboys who have a wrestling match before them,’ said the bailiff.

Franziska looked at her husband; the expression that passed over that usually calm countenance agitated her. She seized his hand, pressed it heartily, and said, ‘If only these next few days were over, and our sons again with us!’

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How strange is the consciousness which we have of passing time? What a long day it seemed! Time passes unobserved and rapidly when we are performing our ordinary duties, and one hour

after another is lost without any awakening interest ; but if anything lies before us that we are expecting, hoping, or fearing, we know—little as ordinary life excites us—of what heightened life and feeling we are capable.

Franziska was sitting with her mother and children in the garden-room. The doors were wide open ; not a leaf was stirring ; the earth was glowing with heat as with the sultriness before a storm. A golden sea was undulating, as far as the eye could reach, over the rich corn-fields. The rye harvest had here and there already begun ; to-day no one was in the fields ; laziness and anxiety had relaxed the powers of the old, who were doing the work of the younger men, now reaping another bloody harvest. Franziska looked out over the calm peaceful landscape ; her sewing lay in her hands. In the large arm-chair by her side sat Frau Warning, with her youngest grandchild on her lap, showing him pictures and talking to him about them in her monotonous voice. The elder of the boys, with the soft fair hair, open forehead, and bright blue eyes, was riding on a rocking-horse, and singing :—

Let us wave aloft our hats

And the noble wine drink up ;

The emperor quaffs his good champagne,

And his fair page fills the cup.

And the boy threw his straw hat in the air, and rocked wildly and merrily to and fro ; and mother and daughter looked at each other with affectionate understanding. Suddenly they all started with alarm ; for, in quick succession, and nearer than before, the cannon-shots were heard, and the bailiff entered, booted and spurred, prepared to ride out in the direction from whence the firing came. Fearful was the interest of this day ; full of uneasy agitation was the father's heart. He had inspected all the arrangements that had been made ; happy the poor wounded who found reception in this house, which had almost been transformed into a hospital by its kind mistress. 'There is nothing we can do to-day here,' said the bailiff : 'perhaps we can help elsewhere ;' and he rode away on the last horse which was still kept in his stable.

Franziska also had no rest ; she did not finish what she undertook ; the quicker and louder roar of the cannon drove her from one place to another. She overlooked her arrangements and stores ; kitchen and store-room were well supplied ; she took her boys by the hand, and went with them up the road ; then she sat down again, and told the little one, whom she had taken on her lap, of the great battle in which his brothers were

now exposed to the fire ; and she pressed his little hands together, and in her heart she said, ‘ May God protect the young lives, and the honour of the German arms.’ Her elder boy walked about, with his wooden sabre buckled on, and his rifle on his shoulder ; he was also a soldier, playing at war, and yonder the fearful reality was going on for the decisive issue ! Louder and louder, sometimes nearer and again more distant, as it seemed to her, the firing continued with unceasing roar ! Towards evening vehicles came by, in which wounded men were lying on the straw, and were being conveyed from the battle-field to the railway. Those more slightly wounded were taken to Altona, so as not to encroach upon the room in the neighbourhood. They halted at the bailiff’s house, where refreshment was provided, as well as in the adjacent village. With what feelings did Franziska see the vehicles pass on ! But the battle was going on well. All were full of hope ; an hurrah for the Duchies sounded from many a mouth ! It is a noble sight to see the soldier, in the exhaustion of his wounds, casting a look of gratitude on those who would give him ease. Franziska looked at the noble features ; no terrible mutilations had yet appeared. Towards evening, however, her husband returned, and two soldiers were conveyed

into the hospital, with their shattered limbs but scantily bound up. The sight filled her with woe; then a second carriage speedily followed. There was soon no more place left in the large barn where the beds had been arranged. Late in the night a Danish officer of rank had been brought into the house; a physician of the Danish staff was with him, for he was severely wounded.

The bailiff knew nothing of his sons. The regiment to which one of them belonged was said to have suffered sorely. The battle was not yet decided; the issue could only be known on the morrow; but the battle stood well for the Duchies and the German cause.

The night lay with sultry heaviness over the land. Franziska, her daughter, and the maids, were all at work. When morning dawned, the bailiff put in requisition all the waggons and horses still in the neighbourhood, and went with them to the battle-field. The previous day had given its bloody omen; this day still further victims were to be required. There was no longer any place in his house, scarcely for his own sons, if they should be gathered up among the dead and dying. There was, however, such an elevated tone of feeling pervading all, that no one cared more for his own people or for his own

life than for that of others. All Schleswig-Holstein was at that time aroused to action and self-sacrifice. 'Stand *firm*, my fatherland!'

There was still a large empty barn in the offices, where the wounded must be satisfied with straw and fresh hay; but there was help and nursing, near them! The bailiff thought, as he went to the battle-field, how heavily misfortune would befall countless families, if the young Schleswig-Holstein army did not triumph. He foresaw that he also would have to cross the frontier; but his thoughts lingered not on his own condition.

There was one, however, in his house upon whom this anxiety fell bitterly. This was Frau Warning, who dreaded the future, as though it threatened to deprive her of the head which she still liked to carry with such dignity and security. Why had her son-in-law taken part in this unhappy war? She regarded him as a conscientious man, but wife and child ought to have had the first hold on his heart. If the battle were lost, the Danes would again return to their rights in the Duchies, and what was then to become of those who had signalised themselves like him and Franziska? Frau Warning looked at the house,



garden, and offices with all the greater love, in the prospect of being obliged to leave them.

Before Franziska she could not express her feelings on this point. Ever since her daughter had married, she had enjoyed a companion who was always present for her requirements ; ready to listen to her cares and wishes ; and, at times, to her complaints and sensitive feelings. On this day she was occupied in placing in security all that Frau Warning possessed in valuables. She intended to place her treasures in the cellar of the house, safe from the eyes of covetous soldiery, for she entertained little doubt that they would plunder her, whether Danes or Schleswig-Holsteiners were masters.

‘It is a dispensation and favour from God,’ said the old lady to her companion, ‘that it should be a Danish General who is brought to us, and who is nursed here. It was not without a motive, dear Sostmann, I must confess, that I gave up my best room to the gentleman ; it does no harm to have a friend in the right place. The Danes are refined people ; but there is not a coarser race than our peasants—honest they are ; I do not, moreover, really believe that our people would take anything, but caution is best, and there is no occasion to leave my good things in anyone’s

eyes.' And Frau Warning thought in her own mind what a happiness it was to be neutral in war and conflict; and she gave her companion the little bunch of keys out of her pocket, and begged her to move the portfolio out of sight, which she kept in her writing-case.

'Dear Sostmann,' said the old lady, as she went to arrange her toilette, 'in this solemn day of battle, when the cannons are roaring in my ears; and reminding me of my dear mother, and what she had to endure at the seige of Hamburg, in this day I have no one to whom I can vent the feelings of my heart; I have but you alone. You see, in this portfolio, I keep all that affords me repose; these papers are safe Hamburg investments. I must have utterly desponded if I had had to think of the children at this time, and knew that my son-in-law must leave this place probably without the staff of office; he does not, thank God, belong to the people who die of hunger when their income fails; but there is, nevertheless, a guiding Providence in the fact that I should have come into property at my age, after having gone through so much in my best years.' The *reason* why she had gone through so much in her best years never passed Frau Warning's lips, however, in her conversations with her humble

auditor. Aught that concerned her deceased husband was no subject for conversation, any more than was Franziska's former history ; but a certain special ruling of Providence lay, according to the notions of the old lady, in the fact—and upon *this* point she gladly dilated—that her cousin, the only son of her mother's only brother—who, years ago, would gladly have made her daughter his wife—but the present Frau Bailiff could not at that time make up her mind—that *this* man, although he had since married and had a son, who had, however, died, had left her the greater part of his property. And Frau Warning explained the Hamburg inheritance to the Mamsell as she had done a hundred times before, and *why*, as the husband had left no children, his widow, who had married again, had been obliged to share the property with *her*, the nearest relative. ‘And here, in these good investments,’ continued Frau Warning with serious emotion, ‘lies, therefore, my repose ; and when I hear the cannons to-day I lay this portfolio under my pillow, so that I may have it at once, and may seize it if they drive us from the house. My will is also in it ; and I have cared for you, dear, if it is God's will that I should go out of the world before you. You know me, and I know I have my peculiarities.’

The old lady had finished her toilette ; and as this day was the great and decisive one, she had dressed herself with especial care, for she wished to meet even misfortune with becoming dignity ; and who could look more dignified than Frau Warning, when the silvery locks peeped forth from her cap on either side of her forehead, and she walked along in her black silk dress with its heavy folds, fine lace collar, and white cuffs. She still looked like the wife of a patrician in an old Dutch picture ; refined bearing and good dress were to her a second and more noble nature. In her poverty, even, she had considered outward appearance as the better part of a being. The name which Franziska now bore was pronounced by the mother with inward esteem, and she valued herself highly upon form and etiquette.

‘ We must let people know that we have not sprung from nothing,’ she said, when Franziska seemed to her too domestic and homely in her doings and appearance.

To-day, however, had afforded the mother a true satisfaction in being so much occupied with herself and her own cares. Everything was so restless in the house, that Franziska could hardly get through. The fearful thunder of the cannon never ceased, but it was as if they had already grown accustomed to

it ; they heard it no longer with the same anxious interest. The whole neighbourhood was in a tumult ; the road was no longer empty. Towards mid-day, the bailiff again came home. He had not been able to make his way to the vicinity of the battle-field. Covered with dust, and trickling down with perspiration, he had dismounted, for the heat was almost overpowering on this day. He related all that he had heard ; he was anxious and restless ; the battle wavered to and fro ; the troops of the Duchies were young and inexperienced ; one of the wings had not stood its ground ; but still all was not lost, and the end had yet to be awaited.

That evening the end came with the lost battle. The army retreated across the frontier of Schleswig towards Holstein, and the Danes were again masters in the land. The depression was universal and almost overpowering in all minds ; there was a rumour of treachery. Who had played the Judas ? who was guilty of the unhappy issue ? Was it in the commander or the troops ? Who was guilty that the battle, which was half won at noon, was lost at eventide ? Many believed that it was truly as some foolishly-excited people asserted, that a force of Norwegians and Swedes in ambush had given the Danes the superiority which

had helped them to the victory. At any rate, the cause of the Duchies was at an end for this time, with the lost battle. The bailiff had the consolation of knowing that both his sons were alive. One had been conveyed to Keil among the wounded; the other had retreated across the frontier with the defeating army. It was said that the army was in good order, and was making its retreat, no longer pursued by the enemy. What was the use of pursuing? Both armies had had great losses. The Danes knew that diplomacy would now take their case in hand, and that the matter would be settled.

In the court-yard of the bailiff's house there was for many days as much life as in a busy street, and even in the night there was no repose to be had. The great barn was filled with the wounded; some were already dead, others were groaning under the knife of the succouring surgeon. A troop of Danish dragoons had occupied the village. In front of the bailiff's house, where the Danish officers had been received, there was now stationed a guard of honour, and the Danebrog waved from the roof. In the hospital, Danes and Schleswig-Holsteiners lay together in common misery. Franziska belonged to the people who cannot do without sleep; but who, after a few

hours, are again fresh and able. How had her heart suffered at the misery of the wounded! Considering and arranging everything, she stood among her maids. By day there was scarcely breathing-time, for there was more to do than could be managed; and the lanterns, borne by busy hands, passed all night like restless lights between the house and the hospital. The whole could only gradually be organised, and then everything went more easily; for place and order were introduced, and help also came from another quarter.

Frau Warning and her companion had undertaken the care and nursing of the wounded general, who was a count, and who bore one of the highest names in Denmark. Two Schleswig-Holstein officers, who lay mutilated and fatally wounded, had been also received into the bailiff's own house. The house-door stood wide open in the sultry summer nights. Stragglers and fugitive Schleswig-Holstein soldiers begged for a place on the straw of the stable, or for something to eat. The Danish sentry dismissed them with blows; but they did not care to see whither they went; it seemed not worth the trouble to detain them as prisoners. The Danes felt themselves at home

again in the Duchies, as though everything were already moving back into the old groove. 'Schleswig-Holstein undivided,' the two indissolubly linked hands, were to be again united in friendship with the old lord of the land. When once brawlers and disturbers were removed everything would again take its old course, and remain as it once had been !

Franziska shuddered over the war, over the horrible necessity which, so long as mankind has had a history, has ever turned the scale in questions of civilization ! Might over right, rude violence attacking with steel and iron the fine delicate organisation of the human body ; no single thrust nor shot that does not penetrate the finely-strung frame, and that does not bring torture and pain to some one, friend or foe ! Franziska found no longer any repose, even in the stillness and peace of nature. It seemed to her as if she were always hearing the laments of the wounded and the groans of the dying. 'God in heaven !' thought she, 'how many a mother is now wringing her helpless hands ! On the battlefield lie the dead, with no loving hand to close their eyes. In vain have they been sacrificed ! We must grasp higher, even beyond the clouds ;



laying this misery also at the feet of Him who knows everything, otherwise we can never get through, and must despond in our powerlessness.'

Meanwhile the plates and dishes rattled in the kitchen, and the maids carried on their thoughtless chatter.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE RECOGNITION.

It was the fifth day after the Iastedt battle. Franziska was sitting up in bed, pale, but with beaming eyes.

The night before she had never gone to rest; a waggon on which two wounded men, scantily bound up, were lying in the straw, had stopped at her house, just as day was beginning to dawn; and by the side of the waggon rode a man of tall figure, on a black heavy cart-horse; it was a physician belonging to the Schleswig-Holstein army. Dr. Olaf had advanced during the battle under a shower of musket-shot with a few others, who shared his determination, and who would and could help as well as he.

He had remained behind amid the terrible mass of dying and dead, while the army moved in the other direction. He had thus been taken prisoner; and as there was a lack of surgeons, and he was desirous of active employment, he had been ordered to proceed to the hospital at the

bailiff's house. He was set free on parole, and was assigned to the physician of the Danish staff, who was attending on the wounded general, and who required help in the hospital. He had picked up the two mutilated men on his way, at a peasant's cottage, where they were lying helpless. The waggon had halted at the bailiff's house.

There was no more room in the overcrowded building, but room must be made. The waggon was directed to drive towards the stable, and it drew up before the door. The mistress of the house had been awakened, for no one else knew what to do, and her arrangement was required. She had had recourse to pillows and cushions, which she took where they could be spared. Franziska knew of no difficulties, where the necessity was immediate. She then went to the open window and looked below, for the bailiff was directing the people who were bringing in the wounded men. All was silent in the courtyard, when suddenly she heard the voice of the surgeon giving orders. Franziska listened, and looked attentively across the yard. What voice was that? Was there, then, another man on earth with this voice? The sound went to her very heart. The doctor had now passed to the other side of the waggon; his face was turned to her.

It was Johannes! The light of the sun that was just rising fell on his face; there he stood, with his blue earnest eyes fixed upon what was going on. His fair hair had grown darker; alas, the youth, the beautiful bloom had gone, but what a *man* he was! He had a scar on his face, the scar she knew not! Franziska's eyes clung to him, as though they would live upon the sight and have their fill for ever. And shame—dishonour—had wished to settle on *this* head!

She went into her room. Drawing a deep breath, with her arms extended, she sank down on her knees. Was it fear, was it an excess of happiness? 'Thanks! thanks!'—she could say nothing else—she had seen him again. 'And now, oh God! raise me up to Thy peace!'

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They had lived together under one roof for almost two months. Johannes had his employment in work and care for the sick and wounded; Franziska had her duties as mother, wife, and mistress, and these were not light at this heavy time. The family lived in uncertainty as to their future; Franziska knew not how long she would yet remain at the old place; their civil position was in doubt; contest and disorder were in the

land, and yet she had a feeling as if she were recovering health after having been long ill; and she rejoiced that she lived in a world in which everything blossoms and buds when it can rise above the storm and winter dreariness. To Johannes, when his service in the hospital left him free, and he could wander about the house, came a feeling like that of the wanderer, who has sat down on some mountain-slope with a lonely prospect, after having laboriously clambered up the steep ascent. The meeting had at first startled him as a sort of reminder of his fate; but Franziska, with bright open delight, had greeted him in her husband's presence. She had introduced him as a friend of her youth long lost sight of, and her tact had set him at ease in his uncertain position. Frau Warning had greeted him formally by his new name, but not a word of the past crossed even her lips. Thus he had been introduced into the family.

The physician, to whom he was subordinate, lived in the bailiff's house. Johannes had his residence in the hospital, and the first few weeks elapsed without much being seen of him; then, however, anxiety and work somewhat relaxed. The bailiff had met the old acquaintance of his wife with that heartiness which gave a tone to

the hospitable house. How deeply he was interwoven with his past history he knew not. He had always rejected communications of this kind, and altogether he had no desire to have the inner life revealed. Between him and his new guest there were points of contact enough. Politics and public life excited the interests of each. With Franziska, Johannes' conduct was just as at the commencement of his youth; he sought her not, but she penetrated his very soul.

It is said that perfect love casteth out fear. Franziska felt such unbounded delight that he should be again there—not in dishonour and misery, but strong and upright, helpful and good—that it seemed to her as if her brow were bathed in light, and her feet were wet with the dew of the first pure hours of morning. Johannes had gone to the war because there was something within him which could not endure the employments, conversation, and interest of men foreign to him; something which sickened him with the frivolous cleverness in which men of the world indulged; with the wit which sets right at naught; and with the raillery that is satisfied with commonplaces. All that he had gone through had destroyed his delight in the things and events of the day; his mind, moreover, was not capable

of the collectedness and loving attention which science and study demand. A spirit rose within him which sought after the mystery of pain and death, and the ever incomprehensible origin of life; and within his mind there stirred that longing of the creature, seeking for a pure ray of light, and seizing the faint glimmering with which we walk through the darkness. On the battle-field—amid the dead and dying, amid the feeling which mis-used confidence and powerless right awakened in him—he had once more attained to healthier sympathy and activity. He was now practically occupied, and he found a satisfaction in work.

It was his nature to ponder inwardly on all that crossed his path, and Franziska now stood before him as a problem of life. He had staked his youth and happiness on a woman who had appeared to him as the loveliest fruit on the tree of life, but there was no element of power in her; she was ruined and dead. In Franziska he saw a self-conscious life; the thread on which she went on hopefully spinning her existence in deed and love was fastened to a basis full of strength and depth. There was in her a noble feeling of honour, a pure joyousness; the germ for beautiful human development had not here fallen on an

arid soil ; the flowers of her heart had bloomed, and they scattered their fragrance over every action. She was blooming in health, and she looked calm as with inward peace ; only in her eyes sometimes there was a dreamy look ; then, how beautiful were her children ! The husband had feeling and taste enough not to jar against this noble and delicate nature ; not to force it and to destroy it, as perhaps a younger man, with his egotistic demands, might have done. There was much in their mutual relation ; and Johannes bent his head as he thought whether he might not be a disturbing element in this heart, the tender devotion of which he had once not regarded. His eye had passed over her, his heart had lived in another, until his chosen idol had vanished from him in shame and sorrow, and from the shattered ruins of his loss he had formed a grave within his heart.

He felt guilty towards Franziska. This woman, who went on her way so securely, and with self-consciousness, what did she now think of him ? She asked him nothing ; she had long ago given him up, and concluded with the past in her thoughts. He had always estimated her wrongly ; he had seen her in his memory as a yearning and often strangely-fantastic nature ; and yet he had



imputed to her the utmost nobleness of mind in the time of his own heavy distress. Because she had not found Maria, he had imagined that she had sought for her but badly, and he had reproached her in the suffering of his soul. Now he saw her and everything otherwise; he had now long known how Maria had fled unheard of from the forester's cottage. Franziska then had been, even at that time, kind and beneficent. Her husband stood to her as a father; there was a mixture of fear and devotion in her manner to him. The head of the family held the reins tightly enough; the barriers of duty were firmly placed by him, but within them there was no narrow life, and Franziska moved in freedom and security of action.

The time went by, and Johannes looked at Franziska just as we lose ourselves in a picture which we have known as a sketch and now see before us in artistic completion. His eye followed her, his ear was watchful to catch the tones she uttered; but this picture had life; the pulsation of this life had affected him, and the blood rushed vigorously to heart and head. Franziska and he went side by side without one word passing their lips in reference to that which, nevertheless, agitated both so deeply.

The outward circumstances of the house had meanwhile become difficult and almost untenable, and the bailiff was waiting for the moment when an end should be put to all contrarieties. When, immediately after the Idstedt battle, the Danish authorities had taken possession of Schleswig, he had received the intimation that he was to hold his post for the present. They seemed to ignore his open partisanship and his behaviour to the exiled Government, and to wish to give him time and opportunity to attach himself to the present order of things. In the new administration there were men who would gladly have mediated and come to terms. The bailiff was a man of influence and property. It was important to the Government that such people should step over to their side, and assert that they had joined the others against their will and under the constraint of circumstances. The Danish officer who had been under Frau Warning's care had received from this lady communications as to the part taken by her son-in-law in the late events, far more suiting her *own* views than the reasons which had actuated him. The Danish general, who had now repaired to Schleswig, must have spoken a word which was not without its weight in his favour, for the bailiff found himself treated

with a consideration that surprised him, and placed him in an equivocal position with regard to the party to which he belonged. He had now sent in his resignation, and was awaiting the answer from day to day. They seemed neither desirous of prosecuting him nor discharging him. It was, moreover, said that they would wait until the hospital, for which this house had furnished so much, was broken up. Johannes also, who was on his parole, daily awaited his exchange. Meanwhile one official was deposed after another; and the involuntary exiles followed those who had at the first fled for safety to the other side of the frontier. Many went poor and helpless in misery and exile. For the present a Danish sub-official had been sent hither, who was to take the place of one of the secretaries now gone with the army to Holstein. The bailiff had made shift with the deficient staff of assistants, but now a repulsive personage was assigned to him, who seemed intended to be his spy and overseer. He had superintended this district for five-and-twenty years, and from its size it demanded a certain and experienced hand. He considered it better for the country that a person should remain in it who knew the interests of the population, and who did not treat them with hostility to the general disadvan-

tage of the land. But with the Danes this did not do. The 'Pater peccavi' with which he was to insinuate himself with the new Government did not suit him in any way. Franziska would have preferred that her husband from the first should have thrown everything up. She had a sensitive feeling of honour, and she could not bear the shadow of a spot upon his name. The bailiff considered himself sufficiently well known in his integrity and honour to be able to expose his conduct to any kind of interpretation.

The events had, however, made him more irritable than lay in a nature which did not deny its share in the well-known Holstein phlegm. He and Franziska meanwhile made their arrangements for settling in Hamburg. Everything around them here seemed undergoing a change, and Franziska appeared as cheerful as if she had nothing to lose, and was living, like her happy children, in the feeling of the moment. Johannes now went in and out with them as if he were a child of the house. Several of the wounded who had been admitted here, had been taken on to Schleswig; others were recovering; there were only a few now remaining who needed the uninterrupted care of the surgeon. While at first he had allowed himself to be but little seen in the family, he now

came to them when they were sitting under the limes in the autumn sun; and how gladly were they together. They went into the wood, where the trees were splendid in their autumn tints and colouring, and nature was beautiful; and what lovely walks, what delicious hours, did they spend in the open air! Franziska was in the midst of her children, or there were others present; it belonged to the habits of the house that she received her visitors in the ordinary sitting-room. She avoided, moreover, being alone with him, for she had a dread of overpowering impressions. Too much that was terrible and agitating lay in the past! She had heard from Johannes the good moments and fortunate turns in his fate. Of an evening, when the family were gathered round the tea-table, he had told them of his travels, of India, of Lord Arthur and the Cpunt. The master of the house listened with interest, and asked after his experiences and history. Franziska looked at her daughter, the fair blooming girl. Like Nausicaa before the far-travelled Ulysses, the fresh lips parted, the innocent eye fixed on the noble man, Franziska beside her, she felt a light thrill—was it jealousy? was it sorrow?—pass through her breast as she thought, ‘She knows nothing; nothing of one whom he loved after all above

everything !' And the wild, bloody remembrances rose before her like evil spirits, and spread their dark wings over her head. But they disappeared again when she looked in his untroubled eye. His life and actions made her happy. She had a feeling of satisfaction that he had been there to-day and would come again to-morrow ; and she looked at the hospital, and knew that a man was directing there who stood as no other did at the height of power and will ; she saw his right and good actions, and she bore it within her as a triumph of her own consciousness. She had, however, a fear of the past, as though she were walking on enchanted ground, and as if a single word uttered might awaken a monster which threatened to devour them both. When she could still this dread, she enjoyed the sunshine of the present. The past must not interfere with their happy intercourse ; good feelings were hovering round them and settling between them, like the angels which we see in sacred old pictures, amid rays and light and garlands. She stood on a lofty mountain, and breathed the pure air. In the evening she would sit down again at the piano as she had done in the days of their first friendship and youth ; Johannes would beg her to do so ; and as he heard the music, and looked up in her

face, which was radiant with the light within, he thought, ' Thus we effect the transfiguration, which is the mystery of love.'

This exalted state of feeling was, however, not to last, for man's nature endures not in such an atmosphere. It was Frau Warning who awoke the sleep-walkers. Ever since Johannes had been much in the house, the mother had retired to her room ; and since even her son-in-law had clung to the strange guest as though he were a friend and younger brother, she had heard a voice in her conscience which told her that she must now raise her hand and avert a misfortune.

A man who had a past like Johannes was not suitable to a quiet home. Frau Warning had only to think with what sort of people he had once breathed the same air, to feel him outlawed for ever. She was conscious of having no prejudices, and if she would prefer not sitting down at the same table with a Jew or a Roman Catholic, it was a peculiarity of her own. She allowed that these might be very good people ; but civil dishonour was a point which she could not get over, and moreover she *would* not. She could not look at this man, not even in his useful humane labours, without the inward shudder with which we should

regard a lion, even though he were tamed as a companion by such a saint as St. Hieronymus. Frau Warning thought. 'The wild nature may break forth, when the lion sees blood. This man *had* shed blood ; he *must* see blood in his remembrance, and then he may grow wild and furious. He is not fit for our society.'

Her daughter went so securely on her way, that the mother could not manage to speak with Franziska about him ; moreover, she thought that in the bosom of a wife and mother feelings could not again obtain a place which she had fostered while unmarried. She had no fears for Franziska ; but what did this doctor want who, after such a stormy past, had wandered about the world, patronized by nobles, and who had achieved nothing more than that he lived on his salary—bore a false name and dared not utter his own—what did he want in her family ? Her granddaughter, the bright Leonora, began to be absorbed with him ; the child spoke so gladly of the unfortunate man, she would sit so often under the limes with her work, waiting for him to join her ; and then she would look so merry and laughing, that the grandmother delighted in the pleasant face ; but, after all, it was not right. Her son-in-law



had even said, that if he could manage it, he should like to have Doctor Olaf established as a physician near the family.

Frau Warning was not satisfied with her daughter ; she ought to have told her husband everything ; she ought to have requested that another doctor should be sent to the hospital. A wife ought to keep her house locked up, so that nothing might enter which did not belong there. As the gardener nurtures and waters his treasures, so she ought to keep the plants in her garden free from all that was noxious. At times Frau Warning had a feeling of pity, for she said to herself, that fate had therefore willed it, and *where* the paths of Providence are to be suspected and where *not* the widow could not make up her mind ; but she must interfere, and she did so.

## CHAPTER V.

## FRAU WARNING'S DISCLOSURE.

It was the middle of the month of October, on a gloomy autumn day—which was to be a decisive one, moreover, as regarded the family movements—when Frau Warning, after having opened her window in the morning and given the birds that came to be fed their wonted ration, seated herself on the sofa, prepared to open her mind to Doctor Olaf, whom she had requested to come to her. The conversation had, however, taken another turn than that the old lady had intended; and when Johannes left her again, she shook her head and sat lost in thought; for with his mild manly manner, and his superiority, he had turned to naught the words of reproach which she had prepared for him. The end had been that Frau Warning had held out her hand to the reprobate man, and had told him that she had meant nothing unkind. She had truly meant nothing unkind towards him, only she had wished not to have him in the house or anywhere in her vicinity. Worldly

wisdom, while it piques itself on cleverness and firmness of feeling, has no perception of the ruling of higher powers, and Frau Warning, who was not blessed with any great acuteness of judgment, and whose motives were all rooted in moral rectitude, had imprudently let slip a word upon what Franziska had done for Johannes' liberation. She had not been able to forbear remarking how he had never written a word; how he had not even expressed his thanks, just as if no good deed had been done him, while her daughter had sacrificed the years of her youth for him and his unhappy fate, until it had become at last even too much for Klaren, and he had turned away from him. And having once given vent to her heart, the widow had added a word as to the depravity of many men who marry actresses or run after light-minded women, till others become tedious to them. The mother had thanked God that all had been as it was; she would rather have seen Franziska dead than married to him; still she bore him a grudge that he could have overlooked her daughter when she had entertained an inclination for him. The feeling, for years repressed, had, without her intending it, found vent at last.

Johannes had become pale as death.

*This* then Franziska had done for him! Was

there such a depth of feeling for him in her breast? He had not uttered a word ; but it had so overpowered his heart, that he had to constrain himself not to fall on his knees before Franziska's mother and kiss the hand which she raised avertingly towards him. He had looked at the mother gravely and lovingly ; no words of gratitude and admiration passed his lips ; but he told her how the jailer had deceived him, how he had *never* given him a word nor a token from Franziska ; he said also how he had found Maria again, after not having seen more of her for years, and how he had taken care of her until she died.

Frau Warning had heard too much that was strange and important to be able to keep it mutely and silently locked up within herself. She went, therefore, to Franziska and told her everything. She felt, moreover, that she owed it to her daughter that she should know why she had received no thanks from him. The fact that Johannes, within a few months ago, had had with him the unfortunate person to whom his heart was attached, until she died, tended not to his dishonour. Frau Warning appreciated fidelity, even in such circumstances ; but if Franziska had preserved any weakness for him in any hidden crevice of her heart, she must now know how

rightly her lot had been directed. Franziska, however, as she listened to her mother's recital, felt a glowing fire passing through her veins, and her tender feelings seemed to shrivel up under the flame. Maria's death appalled her, and yet she could not but envy her. 'Am I then nothing, ever nothing in this heart?' An angry feeling of depression rose within her. 'What a misunderstanding has my life been! Am I then blind and deaf in my feelings?' She was frightened at herself; she wished she had never seen him again; she shuddered at the anxiety and void which she felt around her, when she thought, 'He will soon be no longer here, he can easily do without me!' She had begged her mother to leave her alone, as all she had heard, did not, after all, concern her, and the mother went away wounded and sorrowful. Franziska was so agitated that she feared for herself, and in her thoughts she fled to her children, like some pursued fugitive, who throws herself down at the foot of some consecrated altar; She threw herself into her chair by the window and struggled with her tears; but her pride made her rise again, for Johannes suddenly entered the room. He made no apology for having come in unannounced at such an unusual hour; she had recovered her self-command.

He was pale and still graver than usual; and, with a voice trembling with inward motion, he spoke to her and told her that he now knew all that she had done for him. 'For how many years, even now, I should not have been free from that hell!' He tried to say, 'I am in your debt for still more, and for still greater things; I am so deeply, and entirely, and for ever;' but he looked at Franziska, who was struggling for composure, and a thrill passed through his heart.

Both were silent. Franziska's voice was choked; she felt her knees totter, and she signed to him to go.

'Not so, Franziska,' he said; 'I must once grasp your hand. Give it to me! Then it is over, and it shall be at an end for ever.'

Franziska shook her head and sat motionless. Her eye looked imploringly at him. He went, but he remained standing at the door. What a look was that with which he gazed at her! The door closed behind him. Franziska had a feeling as if now no time and no eternity could again separate her from him! She sat for a time motionless, then she drew a deep breath. She had felt the happiness of the mother who holds the child in her arms, that she has brought forth in pain and agony, but the look with which he had

penetrated her heart was nevertheless the highest happiness of her life.

‘I will be happy, I cannot lose him.’ Exultation and regret by turns agitated her breast. ‘Yet his life is not my life, his pain is not my pain ; our paths are sundered !’

She did not recover her equanimity of mind till an hour afterwards, when she was summoned to her husband, who told her that he had received a letter which would bring to a speedy conclusion all their relations, desires, and experiences in their present home.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE CONFLICT.

THE bailiff was suspended from his office. A Government commissioner had arrived, and had installed himself at the bureau. He knew not what had so suddenly called forth their severity towards him, but within four-and-twenty hours he was to be out of the country. His papers had been seized and sealed. Out of forbearance for his family, they were to be allowed to remain fourteen days longer in the house; the hospital was also during this time to be transported to Schleswig, and Doctor Olaf received orders to hold himself ready to depart at any hour. It had been communicated to him that he might indulge the hope of being speedily liberated from his captivity and set free from his parole.

The general condition of affairs was therefore hurrying on to an end. It is the happiness of a healthy state of things that they make fixed demands upon our activity; and thus Franziska also awoke again to the consciousness that she



occupied a position in which there was much that was incumbent upon her to perform.

There was a kind of consternation pervading the house and the whole neighbourhood, because all had been so suddenly settled with regard to the dismissal of the bailiff and the arrival of his successor. Many people, neighbours and friends, came, and Franziska had to collect herself in order not to appear confused and perverse, when she ought to be doing and acting reasonably. The bailiff had prepared for what had now occurred; his wife knew in general his views and his will; an old secretary, who had been for years the right hand of his superior, was to remain behind, to superintend with her the breaking-up of the establishment, and then to accompany the family to Hamburg, where they were to remain for the winter.

Frau Warning lay ill in her own room; for this day, with its agitation, had been too much for her.

Johannes—since no one seemed to need him or to regard him—had spent some hours wandering about the woods and fields. The country lay desolate and uniform before him. The stubble-fields extended for miles. The hedges were already bare. Towards evening, there was a cold

drizzling rain, as if the wind were gathering the rain clouds here and there together.

‘Loved!’ Who had ever loved him in the whole wide world? He had always been solitary; who had ever felt anything for him? Does love cease? Is not love immortal? Would not the world perish, if love were not there, even in its frailty and misery—a breath of the divine power animating all? To be loved! Was this climax of happiness, then, for him? Were the whole fulness and power of a mind—the divine imperishable qualities of a soul, the mysterious depth of a human heart—were they for him?

‘Strange destiny of my life,’ he thought, as he walked towards the house, when, through the twilight, he could see lights in the rooms occupied by Franziska and her husband. The lights went to and fro, appeared at the windows and then vanished again. ‘Out of what roots do our peculiar natures grow? In my father’s there was the thirst for beauty; the plant of his natural capacity burst forth in a poor unsuitable place; it was scantily nourished, and it produced one last blossom. He loved beauty in idea; his artistic feeling became a passion in me; my eyes longed after the beautiful, after a woman’s smile, after physical perfection! When I saw Maria again,

she was faded and broken down. She had *never* loved me, never inclined to me from her free choice'

Johannes was nearing the house ; his thoughts had grown serious. 'Now comes the other side of my life,' he thought ; 'my mother was no artist nature, she remained solitary within herself ; but when the storm called her, she was at her post, and died an heroic death.' The image of Franziska passed before his mind.

'It is of no use to either of us,' he said, softly ; 'the desires of life are not again to pulsate through my veins. Nothing brings the dead joys back again ! We must learn to be satisfied with the contemplation that beauty beams upon us from the all-blooming universe of earth and sky.'

The bailiff had sent to speak with Johannes. He was ready for starting early on the following morning. He was sitting alone in the sitting-room. Franziska had gone out with the children, who had wept bitterly, because they had heard that their father would no longer be there on the morrow. Franziska was so sad, that it almost did her good when the children, who were not sad by nature, because they were still too young, repeated her own words and wept as she did. She was weary and nervous to-day, and over agitated.

The bailiff had always liked to talk to Doctor Olaf upon the affairs of the country. 'A treacherous policy,' he said, 'will now take in hand the cause of the Duchies, and cast our rights to the winds! It is hard to be exiled and to renounce the habits of a long life. We have desired to belong to Germany. The mother country now receives us. For the families who have sacrificed office, salaries and home, they will find some scanty compensation in order that they should not starve. What will they do with the officers when the army is broken up? They will never dare to return! Fearful is the violence of a time when perjury asserts itself, and honourable men are the victims of a disunion irreconcilable to their conscience.'

'A bitter time is preparing for Germany,' said Johannes.

'It will be more bitter to us than to others, said the bailiff. 'The thought occurs to me, whether we exiles might not combine our energies and property and go to America? For myself I am almost too old, but a new Schleswig-Holstein across the waters would want its lawyers. Men have their points of dispute, even when they are fellow-countrymen and emigrate together. Now I beg you, Olaf, to let us know what you propose

doing in the immediate future. We do not wish to lose sight of you.'

A sudden flash as of joy and hope sparkled in Johannes' eyes. He soon, however, resumed his calm expression.

'It won't do,' he said. 'What should we do in America? Such a man as you ought to remain in the fatherland. The evil days will pass, but the fatherland remains. He only who is exiled abroad knows what it means to have no longer a fatherland and a home. Let each remain where he belongs, and not vacate the field to his opponent out of anger and indignation. "I bide my time" is the motto of an old English coat of arms. We must make it ours. In our old Sagas, the hero is always forthcoming at the right time; sometimes he is a wise workmaster, who unites again the bones and limbs of some slain hero. Those whom we have wished to remove from the world are ever returning for victory or revenge!'

'We must for a time probably be satisfied with the citizenship of the world,' said the bailiff.

'The citizenship of the world is a grand idea; it lies within the range of the religious man,' said Johannes. He who is rooted in the fields of his own individuality, cannot do without the life and

habits of the fatherland. We cannot, moreover, carry the soil of the fatherland away with us ; the strange land becomes more strange to us, the more we live in it.

‘The man to whom the citizenship of the world has become a truth, must have separated himself from many things! He must live no longer in house and home : he must have neither wife nor children ; he must not live with his fellow-workers ; he must not aspire after fame and honour, nor after the success of his talents. We who are paralyzed with disappointments and difficulties, must be cautious in using so grand a word.’

‘I should not have used it,’ said the bailiff, smiling, ‘had not the idea of emigrating to America occurred to me. The exile, even when he has only to cross the frontiers, acquires somewhat of the feeling that the foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, and he knows not where to lay his head.’

Johannes looked grave. ‘At any rate you will soon be no longer alone,’ he said ; ‘all gather round you whom you love.’

‘Then let us see you also with us,’ said the bailiff ; and he shook Johannes’ hand and held it for a moment firmly in his own.

‘We must bid farewell here,’ said Johannes, after a moment’s reflection. ‘As soon as I am free I shall return to England.’

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Franziska had accompanied her husband to the station from which he was to start for Hamburg. Early in the morning Johannes had stood by her side on the steps, and had held out his hand to her husband in farewell. The whole night through, the lights in the house had passed from room to room, as we see in houses when a man is living through his last night, or where there is much anxiety and care. It was scarcely day, and the court yard was full of life. The coach-house was opened, and the horses were brought out of the stable. The old coachman slowly proceeded to arrange the harness.

‘Schleswig-Holstein stammverwandt,’ the song which had aroused Klaren’s annoyance a few months before, no longer sounded from the lips of the stable-boy. The song was now interdicted and forbidden. The ‘Tapfre Landsoldat,’ was now heard from the stables, where two Danish dragoons, who were to accompany the bailiff’s carriage to the frontier, were saddling their horses. ‘Stand fast my fatherland,’ was now and then

muttered between his teeth by some seditious Schleswig-Holsteiner.

The old chaise rattled up to the door, and the servants and maids, and peasant people from the village, crowded round the carriage. The bailiff had to extend his hand to many before the carriage-door could be closed, and here and there he saw a moist eye. He was obliged to put a speedy end to it, if he would get away at all at the appointed time.

‘Good bye, Olaf; we shall meet again!’ The voice of the old man had sounded sadly. Franziska had followed him into the carriage, her light foot scarcely touching the step, high as was the vehicle. She had not looked at Johannes; she had only responded to his greeting. She had come out of the house with her shawl on her arm; now she threw it round her, and drew it closely round her fine and youthful figure.

His eye rested upon her and did not move from her, till she gave back the children, who had been lifted into the carriage to kiss their father once more. The handsome daughter stood sobbing and weeping, and held fast to Johannes’ arm.

Late in the evening, Franziska returned. She was cast down, and did not care to talk. One



thing had become clear to her, as she accompanied her husband on the drive: namely, that she must be very base and heartless, if she did not now cling to him with all her heart, if she did not care and live for him and for what belonged to him and what he had entrusted to her. He held firm with his whole heart to the old wonted happiness. Was all now to be otherwise, and was the whole family to begin a new life?

He had told her on the way all that he had talked of the day before with Johannes.

‘So we shall not go to America,’ he said smiling. ‘It is pleasant enough in Hamburg. You will mix with people; you can pursue your music again, and our sons will have society. I am only not accustomed to live without employment, but many people have to do so. I shall write to Olaf from Hamburg. I think you also found his society pleasant. Perhaps we shall be able soon to return to Holstein, for they cannot take away from me my estate there. Olaf must settle near us . . . .’

‘Let him be,’ said Franziska, and she placed her hand on her husband’s arm. ‘Whatever he decides on and wishes, is *right*, and must be so. I have known him long.’

The husband looked at Franziska. A sudden flush passed over his face.

‘Why should we concern ourselves about other people,’ she said, ‘when we have so much to occupy us in our own cares?’

Her voice sounded strange to him, as if from inward agitation.

Franziska said nothing more. She could have told him everything, but for what end, and why? He had never wished to hear what lay behind the past; they had lived together bound by friendship and affection!

Her own mind, too, had been fully made up. Why should she cast trouble and doubt into her husband’s mind, and darken and destroy her own future and his?

It was not necessary, surely, that anyone should participate in that which had threatened to burst her heart asunder; but even had her heart broken, her husband should not, just when everything was being lost to him, endure a still worse trouble. An enemy could inflict no worse on him; and *she*, to whom he had always been so good, should she disturb his repose and confidence? Franziska wept bitterly. ‘In God’s name,’ she thought, ‘it is of no use; we must overcome it!’

When Franziska took leave of her husband, she had firmly resolved that she would act as if he were there, and she were moving in his sight.

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Ten days had elapsed. There were only a few rooms habitable in the bailiff's. Much had been already sent away, and everything was removed from the hospital. Johannes had received orders to start on a day appointed. Franziska and Johannes were now every evening together. Just as years before, when he was her daughter's teacher, Frau Warning sat with her knitting in her hand, sighing in silence. They had gradually told each other much, the children going at the same time in and out, the handsome young daughter generally with them, and friends and neighbours visiting them. Franziska looked pale and tired, which no one wondered at in these sad times. But the pride of the woman was strengthened by the feeling of the wife, who had been thrown by her husband upon herself! Johannes retained his reserve towards her; each day he became more and more silent, and at last they scarcely spoke to each other.

Half broken down as she was, the duties and demands of every day occupied her with domestic

cares and troubles, and this was her happiness. She had made up her mind that she desired nothing else than what was right and correct under the circumstances; but through all her resignation it was for ever breaking upon her, that her *will* was otherwise. Like a kind of despair it came over her! When she looked at him and thought, 'It will soon be over, I shall see him no more!' she was feeling, 'Could I but make a vow that I would never speak a single word with him, but that I might only see him and know that nothing was befalling him which could harm or destroy him!'

Johannes was like the charioteer who has harnessed his steeds tightly and holds them firmly in check; and though in the freshness of liberty they would gladly gallop over the field, they *must* proceed onwards quietly, or stand still as the charioteer may please. They may paw the ground with their feet, or neigh with defiant spirit. Every being has its own humour, and vents itself after its own fashion. Johannes now felt within himself a heightened energy; he had to do with a power which does not let the head hang down or utter useless laments. Franziska had early appeared to him, and he had then passed her by; *now* he knew that she was the prize of life. It

was no longer enough for him that he saw her happy in the circle of love in which she was to act and rule according to her own true noble feeling ; it was not enough for him that she lived for others in her goodness, unconscious of the benefits she bestowed ; every power of a heart repressed for years now threatened to burst forth. His will rose up in resistance ; in his heart lay the point from whence the conflict with his fate had once begun, where heaven and hell had been at war within him ; here lay the point in which he must act for himself, and according to his own standard and law must decide his course. Everything in life had come to him at the wrong time ! If he loved Franziska as his life, he was no robber to violate the right of hospitality. He could have drawn Franziska to his heart ; but pride and honour were between them, as a drawn keen-edged sword.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE PARTING.

THE day had come, and the morrow in the early morning—so ran the order—Doctor Olaf was to start. A week later, and all would be over; and nothing more than the remembrance would remain of the old life. Franziska's voice sounded so low; her eyelids looked so heavy; she went about with her head bent down. It was said that day that she was ill; she was so truly, to her innermost heart.

'Good morning, Franziska,' Johannes had said to her as he went past her through the little gate to the wood. She stood in the garden and looked after him, and slowly shook her head; and took her boy, who was beside her, in her arms and kissed him, and pressed him to her. Two red roses, which flowered late, she had broken off from a bush in the neglected garden; she placed them in the child's hand, with a little bunch of mignonne. Then she carried him to the house, and she laid the flowers on the table, where Johannes'

things were thrown about in confusion. His box stood there half packed. Franziska had put in a few books and trifles, which he had here and there liked. This kind of small care is a shift for a woman's heart in time of *great* sorrow, just as we place flowers with our dead ones, as if from their very fragrance somewhat of life were wafted over our lost happiness.

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Johannes felt himself utterly overpowered and shattered. Franziska's appearance, the sound of her voice, was more than he could endure. He walked for a mile across the fields. The wind blew keenly in his face; he went on with rapid hasty step, philosophising and reflecting on the rights of marriage; of Franziska's youth; of the demands of her husband, who was so much older than her! With a kind of hate and inward resentment, he analysed the duties and rights of society. Is the individual who has wrestled for freedom not a law to himself? He shrugged his shoulders at the honour and laws of a world where there are prisons, foundlings, law-suits, solemn executions, and public dishonour. 'Marriage is one of its saving institutions,' he said to himself; 'it is the protector of the woman and

of families in an order of things in which rudeness, baseness, cunning, and knavery are held in esteem. Do we owe to *such* a world the sacrifice of our happiness, and our personal inclinations? Are her laws and ordinances of so noble a character, that we owe them obedience if they annihilate us? The higher individual must press on towards freedom; he is a law unto himself. We ought to be pure and true enough, to regulate our relations according to their true significance and inner right.'

Johannes paused. It struck him how the devil loves to carry on his temptations; stones are to be made bread; impossibilities are to become reasonable things. He sat down on a stone by the road-side. He saw Franziska in his mind's eye as he had seen her in the events and conflicts of these last few days; how touching was her look, when her eye had rested in delight and heartfelt enjoyment on her children! 'The father will not be able to afford these children the right which sons have on their fathers,' he thought; 'does he know how to meet such a fearful thing as *life*? The lineaments of their mother, the repressed passions of her nature which have never enjoyed their rights; will *she* have given these to her sons? Thrown upon their own instincts, will



they have to rule the path for themselves ; or is an old man, whose vitality is failing, to hold them in leading-strings? *I* could act better for them. Shall her heart bleed over her children as it has bled over me? Is my feeling only aroused to be annihilated? Do we only live that we may realise the insufficiency of our desires and wills? This woman, with her thousandfold power of love, and only one demand for it—alas! this one would fail were I to stand before her with the heart that beats for her with all the energy of life.'

Johannes rested his head in his hands. It was of no avail ; his feeling revolted against the idea he could not reconcile himself to it, when he thought of Franziska passing from one altar to another, with the solemn words of promise and empty sound upon her lips! The light that he had seen around her gentle figure, pure in its beautiful radiance as the glimmer of a white pearl, was lost in glaring colouring ; she seemed to stand before him torn by passionate desires, as under some stormy sky.

He got up, as though he were turning away from some uneasy apparition.

He took his way back, for he remembered that he had still some arrangements to make for his journey ; to-morrow at this time he should be far

from her, and when would he see her again? He had thought himself strong and cold; now he felt his breast filled with yearning, and emotions surged within him like the waves of the great North Sea, when a storm is troubling her depths. The powers of memory and imagination were at work in him also. As a boy he had lain solitary on the desolate sea-shore; from childhood up he had heard around him and within him the roar of storm and billow. Solitude and storm were to remain with him to the end!

As he turned into the wood which led to the bailiff's house, he heard a rustling in the dry foliage, and a very old man gathering wood in his basket stepped across his path, lifted his cap, and told him that his son had been shot in the Idstedt battle, and that he had now no one in his old age.

'Every bullet has its aim,' thought Johannes. 'One has robbed this poor man here of his supporter. If fidelity is naught, I have once fired a bullet which has taken the life of an innocent man! Franziska's husband would leave me in peace; he would not require of me the debt of honour. I should be safe from his bullet! He would have other weapons against me, and before *these* I have no courage!'

Johannes stood still, and looked at the beggar. His red nose gave the man a humorous appearance.

‘He is as old as Thorson,’ he thought, ‘and what a different being. This man has his head bent to the earth; he has to dig and scrape for his bit of bread, but he has Thorson’s silvery hair.’ He gave the old man a liberal alms.

‘You like a glass; drink one to-day to my prosperous journey,’ he said, and went on. The old man called after him. Johannes was not in the mood to enter into conversation; he seemed to hear Thorson’s words in his memory: ‘No wife blooms for thee; no son grows up at thy side. The wild deed of thy youth has desolated thy life.’

He was now, however, out of the wood; the bailiff’s house lay again before him; the two windows he saw were those of Franziska’s chamber. He heard the dinner-bell ring; he saw her sitting down at the table between her children, and looking towards the empty place where he was to-day missing, and he would never more sit. There lay a charm in the sound of her voice; he heard this voice now in fancy as if choked with tears. He turned back again, and went into the wood. What did he now want with this house? Wherever his

eye turned, in large characters, partly in flame and partly in blood, he saw renunciation written in his book of life! He sat down on the hewn stem of a tree, and gave way to the agony of the moment. Suddenly he threw back his head. Who was there? A gust of wind had shaken the bough of the tree that stood behind him. The shadow of the man whom he had killed had never before haunted him; towards *him* he had always felt himself in the right. As he sat there, it seemed to him now as if the figure rose, as he had on that day scarcely seen it, from its blood; with both hands it seized the shattered head and signed to him.

Johannes rose, and with hasty step went forwards. 'There is something thoroughly repulsive in the workings and creatings of my fancy,' he thought; 'she never ceases her caprices; now she has hunted up a shadow, to intimate to me the path of my destiny. I am my own destiny; I claim it as my own work and will.'

He passed on through the village, where a squadron of Danish dragoons lay quartered; and he met the captain of horse, who gladly accosted him, and entered into conversation with him. He expressed his regret that the Herr Doctor, whom his lieutenant on the following morning was to

conduct to Schleswig with the men and matters belonging to the abolished hospital, must make up his mind to be sent to Copenhagen. There was no talk of an exchange of prisoners. The rebel army—he might venture to use the word, as the Herr Doctor was no Schleswig-Holsteiner—had to surrender at discretion. It would all follow in course, and the Duchies had surely never fared better than with the Danes!

Johannes broke out with vehemence against diplomacy. ‘It is slow work in cabinets,’ said the officer, indifferently; ‘we make shorter work of it on the battle-field. Russia, England, the German Powers, even if they do not profess it openly, are all scheming that our king should remain Duke of Schleswig-Holstein. The succession and its rights will be settled.’

The political discussion altered the current of Johannes’ thoughts. The captain of horse invited him to drink a glass of wine, over which a part of the long afternoon passed away; and then, when he heard that the doctor had not yet dined, he sent in for anything that could be found in the pastor’s quarters. They disputed over politics, and Johannes found the diversion as good as a comedy.

He wished not to see Franziska again, nor to

bid her farewell, though he felt himself obliged to do so on account of the rest of the family. He now put all his things in order for the journey, thinking, as he did so, whether his feelings were like the grain of corn which must submit to be crushed between the millstones. The grain must be broken, so that the nutritious matter contained in it may pass through the sieve ; it is then made into dough, and kneaded, and baked into the bread which possesses healthful nourishment. Johannes asked himself whether in this lay the meaning of the sacrifice which rises to heaven from man's aching heart ?

In the evening, when all was ready, he came to take farewell. The tea was going on as usual. The lovely Leonora looked like some blooming Hebe ; she was delighted at going to Hamburg, and at the prospect of society. Frau Warning sat in her place, opposite her daughter. Franziska looked pale and tired ; her smile cut him to the heart.

The children had sprung on Johannes' knee ; he was to let them ride, as he had often done, or to play with them.

‘Not to-day,’ he said ; and he kissed the children, and glanced at Franziska. Why had he been obliged again to cross her life ?’

Frau Warning attempted to begin a conversation. Slowly, minute by minute, passed the time ; the children engaged the attention of all. Johannes looked at the clock.

‘The children must go to bed,’ said Franziska. ‘Leonora, go with them ; bid our friend farewell.’

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There was deep silence in the room. Frau Warning did not look up from her knitting ; her heart was heavily oppressed. It was no longer as it had been years ago, when they had sat opposite each other, and between them lay the books which were carrying Franziska out of the narrowness of her youthful world under the direction of his mind. Now there lay between them a world of pain, which they had traversed by different paths.

There was a long silence. Franziska sat in the gloom of the lamp, over which she had drawn the shade low on her side. She sat with her head leaning against the back of her chair, her hands folded, and the tears rolling slowly down her cheeks.

‘Johannes,’ she said at last, with a choked voice ; and she held out her hand to him. She heard his quickened breathing. Suddenly he

rose resolutely from his chair, and stood before her.

‘Farewell, Franziska,’ he said; ‘we can never forget nor lose each other.’ But he did not take her hand.

‘Farewell, mother,’ he said; ‘thank you for everything.’

Frau Warning had felt his hand burning hot upon her own. She threw her arms round Franziska, and they both wept.

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On the following morning all was over. Franziska, however, had endured a night like those in the days of her early youth. All that she had wrestled for, gained, striven after and accomplished, fell like a decayed scaffolding before the fire which burst forth from a thousand springs of pain.

Johannes was still there; she could still see him, she could still hear his voice; to-morrow the whole world would be dead to her. It seemed to her as if she had nothing then left. He who has passed such a night will find the remembrance of it return; he who has never experienced it cannot realise it by description.

He occupied the room above her, and she could



hear him walking up and down ; she sat between the little cribs of her children, and looked from one to the other. The room felt oppressive, as with a sultry atmosphere. He was only a few steps removed from her. She softly pressed the latch of the door. If she only went up the stairs a few steps, she would still see him. Her arms felt almost impelled to embrace him, as though all the fibres of the plant that encircles the tree were growing. It seemed as if she must *once* be free, just *once* breathe freely in nature and happiness ! But the pure feeling of the wife was stronger than all—than all except the sense of honour and the self-command of the man.

If man has pressed onwards to freedom, and if he knows what he wills, he *can* do what he wills ; the power of nature coerces him no longer.

When morning dawned, the carriage drove away across the fields. The black cart-horse, on which he had arrived a few months ago, carried him away again. Franziska watched the train till it was lost in the distance. When she saw nothing more, the morning mist lay on the fields. She drew a deep breath, almost as we do when a fearful pang of death has been endured by a being whom we love.

She came composed and calm into the sitting-

room at the usual time. She had no longer any struggle to bear. The times were so troublous that it was not surprising if she looked weary ; but feeling exhausted itself in pain.

On clearing out his room Franziska found a volume of Goethe, which Johannes had taken up with him :—

He who must part from the beauty he loves,  
With averted gaze must his course maintain,  
For the sight but rekindles the innermost flame,  
And she draws him, nay, snatches him back again.

The roses which she had placed on his table were lying withered on the book at the opened passage.

Franziska smiled at the playful allusion. They were both five-and-thirty years old. The poet who with such emphatic words depicted the pain of separation possessed more of the spring-tide feeling of life. She had, however, one sweet consolation ; and it was strange how this accompanied her, without being affected by the bustle and all that was going on in the disorderly household. She kept hearing in her ears the song of the choir which Klaren had played to her a few months before from his old score. Had she carried with her the whole wonderful harmony, and did it now break forth from her memory,

when there was no word to bring her consolation, wafting to her as it were a breath from a higher world, 'Give us peace! give us peace!' To such a peace are we called. The soul seeks its way through night and gloom, and overhead shine the everlasting stars. The tones seemed to her to fade away at the close; she heard the last notes of the sublime choir sounding in such immeasurable distance, that it seemed to her as if no flight of the soul could follow them, and as if her ear could not hear them!

## CHAPTER VIII.

## DOMESTIC PEACE.

SOME years had passed away. Franziska and her husband had borne the burdens of the time. For two years they had lived at Hamburg; going into the world, having intercourse with their fellow-men, and helping their exiled fellow-countrymen; then they travelled, and were at liberty to return to the estate at Holstein. They did all that was possible in their position to oppose the growing decay which pervaded the people and institutions of the country. The bailiff saw with regret and sorrow how the reaction was taking place in Germany,—how in Schleswig-Holstein the best powers in that still healthful race were ruined. They were troublous years, and their end lay in uncertain distance.

In the fair family circle nothing had altered either for good or evil. Franziska was not unhappy; she had not made others unhappy. Those who are pure in heart have a high promise. Her children were not to grow up in a home, inwardly

without peace, outwardly without the reputation of honour ; father and mother claimed from them, with the same right, reverence and confidence. The beautiful daughter was married ; the elder sons stood on their own footing ; but the threads of their various lots were linked together in the calm, happy, paternal home. The father still regulated all ; Franziska, with her influence and actions, was ever where she was wanted.

She had never spoken with her husband of what she had gone through ; she had never been able to do so. Reserved within herself, she lived almost timidly at his side ; but her husband knew everything from her mother, and Franziska had a high claim upon his heart.

He was old, and he felt for the first time that his white hairs were a happiness in his relations to her. The bailiff, however, would never have consented to any separation, on account of the children and her own honour.

Time heals us and renovates us unconsciously. In Franziska's nature there was nothing morbid. Life is such, it brings much to do, to love and to endure ; to see, to hear, to recognise and to reject ; to work and to care for. Franziska saw without regret that her hairs also were getting white

before their time ; but her life, nevertheless, was not poor in joy.

While they were living at Hamburg her friend Klaren had died suddenly ; she had been with him an hour before. To *him* she had given vent to her heart, as she had done once before ; and she had reproached herself for not having remained single, true to the yearnings of her youth. A glance on her children was a better consolation than aught that her friend could say to her in reason. His death freed the tears that lay frozen in her heart ; and she felt thankful that death had gently carried him away, and had removed him from the feebleness of a slowly decaying old age.

## CHAPTER IX.

## EXPIATION.

It was in the summer of the year 1857, when a party was sitting together in one of the clean houses with bright windows, where bathing-visitors lodge, on the island of Föhr. The steamer had just come into the harbour, and a richly-laced servant had been dismissed in haste to fetch the letters and newspapers which the post had brought. It was Franziska who, with her mother and children, was lodging with Frau Jessica Ketel, the daughter of the smith of Oevenom, who had married at Wyk. The doctor had ordered her sea-bathing, and she had been glad to go to Föhr. The distinguished gentleman who was so much waited on and nursed by his younger wife, and who was dragged about in a chair by a valet, had come to the little watering-place to try its strengthening effects after Karlsbad baths, and he seemed somewhat out of place among the simple surroundings. Nothing, moreover, but the depression of an ailing liver, and an attack of hypo-

chondria, could have induced the Count von der Goerde to come to this island for the use of the sea-baths; and his wife, who did not possess the gift of conversation, complained of *ennui*. Franziska had seen the Count's name in the list of visitors, and the acquaintance had been to him also an agreeable diversion. She had speedily turned the conversation to Doctor Olaf, and had told the Count, without entering further into the past, how he had superintended the hospital in their house at Schleswig. The letters had just arrived. Each took those that belonged to him. The Count glanced through the large sheet of an English newspaper.

‘As Dr. Olaf is so happy as to be known to you, this article may interest you,’ said the Count; and he pointed with the finger of his well-kept hand to the column referred to.

Franziska read with a slight smile.

‘A strange phenomenon,’ began the Count—laying down his Turkish pipe, which in the open air he had allowed himself to enjoy with his coffee in the presence of the ladies—‘is this Dr. Olaf. Circumstances, to touch upon which more closely would be indiscretion on my part, prevent me, my dear lady, from relating what I know of the past history of this singular man. I



became acquainted with him in Norway, and studied his character; subsequently he accompanied my son on his travels. Thus he became attached to my family, and a good career lay open to him. He had, however, settled an *affaire du cœur*, of no very justifiable kind, in his own way, and this had taken away his spirits, and he regarded a good career as a thing utterly indifferent to him. He went to the war, and this is the time at which you became acquainted with him. However, since then, just in these last few years, he has given a definite purpose to his whole life. When the Holstein history was at an end, Olaf returned to England. He had then an opportunity for going out to India a second time; the conditions were favourable, and a future lay open to him. After some weeks, in which my son saw nothing of him, it appeared that Olaf required somewhat else to occupy his mind; advice and opposition rebounded from him: I have never known him otherwise. Suddenly he went away. In a corner of the Austrian states, in a mountain valley in Carinthia, an epidemic fever was at that time raging; men were dying like flies; several physicians had died, and none at the moment seemed to be found to fill their place. Olaf had passed his medical examination in Vienna some

years before ; no one, moreover, was urgent in applying for the fatal post in the forlorn hope ; in short, he was accepted, and for two years he held out in the breach. With my son he had now and then, though rarely, exchanged letters ; he is not fond of writing ; but at the end of that time he again returned to England. They did not wish to have him in Vienna—indeed, not in the Austrian dominions. With unprecedented acuteness and recklessness he had vented his feelings in a polemical paper upon the evil state of things he had come across in his practice and experience. You have read what has now been stated with regard to him in England. He retains the modest position of a physician, superintending the public institutions, the lunatic asylum, and hospital of a provincial town. Lord Arthur's friendship, name, and protection are useful to him. That signifies much, in England especially ; but the nature of his usefulness is peculiar, and seems planned on a large scale. There are people who either come to nothing in the world, because they never find their right place, or their influence is great. There lies a kind of power in their hand, a creative power in the expressions of their will and nature.'

Franziska looked up at the Count ; she was thinking : ' Even this man, when he speaks of

him and bears witness to him, is carried away beyond his usual small horizon.'

'I have not seen Olaf during the last two years,' began the Count again; 'but I think it probable that his name will come back to us from England. He has not yet accomplished his aims; but his patience is not to be destroyed. He is immovable when he *chooses*, and when he has taken his resolve. I had occasion to go to Vienna when he was in Carinthia. Family affairs, the death of her father, made my wife's presence there necessary; and I made use of the time to visit Venice, which I am always glad to see again; and I took the opportunity of making an excursion to a rocky valley, where there was at that time no typhus, and, therefore, no danger of infection. I assure you, when one comes from Venice with Titian's and Giorgione's colouring in one's mind—when one is not inclined to despise the so-called refined enjoyments of life—one finds a fearful contrast in visiting a valley of the kind. There were four bare walls in Olaf's dwelling; books were lying on the table; there were books everywhere. He had a blackbird in a cage; a lovely Madonna picture hung against the wall; otherwise there was nothing there which one would imagine necessary for the arrangement of a reasonable

human dwelling. An old peasant woman looked after his food, for one can scarcely call the sort of sustenance procurable under such circumstances eating and drinking. Olaf had not even a drinkable glass of wine to set before me. It was towards evening when I arrived ; my postillion had with difficulty brought me up the rugged road on a barrow. He was just coming down from a still higher mountain, attired in a rough sort of jacket, with nailed shoes, and a strong stick in his hand ; a great black dog, with a white muzzle and white feet, was his companion and friend. The magnificent beast lay at night by his bed, went out with him by day, and kept quiet under the wooden table when he worked.

‘ I looked now at him, and now at his books, which were all profoundly learned works. He told me that this time had been thoroughly necessary to him ; that he had now, for the first time, learned to work ; and that much was required in order to obtain a little knowledge in such a great matter as the structure of the human frame. He was well acquainted with all that may be called general cultivation of mind ; he had, moreover, seen a good deal of the world ; and his ideas of many matters had been formed by personal experience. The solitude seemed at that time to suit

him perfectly; there was a strange lustre in his eyes, but he looked well and healthy, and pressed my hand when I begged him to spare himself a little in the pleasure of meeting again.

‘I had a bad quarter that night. I suffered from visions in his cell; but he slept as calmly as a child who is sleeping the sleep of the just. The visions of the good St. Anthony, of which we had just before seen a ballet in Vienna with exquisitely beautiful costumes, seem to cause this saint no trouble. He was, however, thin, and he had grown aged, which was not to be wondered at from his miserable mode of life and mystic absorption. He told me, however, even then, that the studies which occupied him here would bring him back to some town where he could enjoy the assistance of science and have intercourse with other men. I did not close an eye that night. When the day dawned he was summoned to a sick man, and I was obliged to go with him through the valley, the population of which had endured much in the time of the fever. We ascended a height, where a grand view of the whole mountain range opened before us. Never again, however great the honour my soul might attain to from this kind of mortification, would I be induced to undertake such a pilgrimage.

Below us lay the mist, and the sun was just rising. I confess, my dear lady, the sublimity of it freezes me to think of. I cannot endure to see the rocks towering above us like a kind of horizontal desert ; I am, on the whole, no friend to grand scenes of nature ; I feel myself stupid and dull when I see no human face. We require the charming exterior, the flattery of the pleasant things of life. The man who denounces the lovely deceptions of the senses, and the play of witty perceptions, who wishes to induce me to look eternal things seriously in the face, inspires me with a sort of horror. Name who you will of serious fanatics—Luther, Calvin, and other vigorous natures—who were not satisfied with this transitory being, but must implant into man, as the impelling power, all sorts of supersensual, mystical, divine, or devilish influences ; *I* come back to *passion*, which is more human in its mode of action. Conceive a man who is seriously anxious about the welfare of his soul—a soul which is lodged in this bodily shell amid crime, folly, and nothingness ! All the uncomfortable horrible legends have risen in this way. “ I have created thee without thyself ; I will not redeem thee without thyself.” When I was looking among the books which lay on Olaf’s table, I found one open, and this passage struck

my eye. This book was by St. Catharine of Siena, who may have come upon some strange things in her convent cell; but from what I saw of the book they are written in no bad style. In Olaf there is a certain mystical depth of being. On this one point he will hear nothing of the competence of the understanding. Olaf looked as joyful on that morning as though he had some affinity with the sun, which had at last found its way out of the mist, and was lighting up the mountains. A man who can endure solitude—the silent power and grandeur of nature—must either be stupid, like the mass of human beasts of burden, or he must be like the prophet, whose life in the wilderness was sustained by the heavenly food brought to him by a raven.

‘His sojourn in the valley was at that time coming to an end. The Government considered the physician no longer necessary, and it could not afford to continue the small salary. Like a modern Orpheus, he had, however, introduced his mountaineers to the arts of life—mountaineers of no especial ideal kind, mostly blessed with goitre, and all of them with prominent cheek-bones. Lord Arthur was induced to send over some hundred pounds, Olaf’s memorial to the Austrian Government having remained unnoticed; and the

failure of a harvest threatened starvation. They now turned their attention to wood-carving, and learned to make baskets. A manufacturer has now turned to account the water-power in the valley, and will do for the neighbourhood with his manufactory what Olaf could never have achieved with all his noble ideas and good-will. - It is all one to him if another takes away the fame and honours due to him, so long only as that which he desired is accomplished. I shall never forget our walk and that morning. It seemed to me half ridiculous, half contemptible, when I saw him take up a child, who was crying in front of a hut, and wipe the little monster's face, which was bathed with tears. He had a piece of bread in his pocket, and he gave it to the cripple. You know Olaf is grown as tall as if he were one of Tiodulf's sons. My honoured wife is not acquainted with *La Motte Fouqué's* novel; in my youth we had to read things of the kind. I must, therefore, be allowed to mention, that the novel treats of Northmen, who were all giants and heroes.'

Franziska smiled; she had shown her interest throughout by her great attention, and she took care not to interrupt the Count in the train of his narration.



‘ At last,’ he continued—and he played with his pipe on the point of his elegant boot—‘ we came down, Olaf and I, from our elevation. In the world there is strife, and the woe which is decreed upon those through whom offences come does not prevent that in England, among Protestants and sectarians, where religion is officially practised, a philanthropist—for in this species, as the cultivated German likes to classify everything, we must rank our friend—must have shield and lance in hand. Humbling as the designation of philanthropist may be, you know what Goethe said of the efforts of a period which seemed to hold culture as the end in view; nevertheless, that Olaf should have joined the philanthropists is a matter of regret to me. Lord Arthur is the lucky chance in his life. He is now married, and his wife’s estates have been joined to the vast amount of his own. He uses the ideas belonging to the age, in order to take the lead according to the rights of his position; his mind and hand co-operate together! Lord Arthur stands in reasonable relation to Olaf, but Olaf is one of the people who stand more and more alone, and will neither be restrained nor guided. He has no desire for an agreeable existence; he lives in England as he did in his mountain valley in Carinthea. He considers the neces-

sities of man to lie in grand ideas, which elevate the mind, and in the warm feeling which has power and will for the good. He is a fanatic, such as can exist in the nineteenth century. But a human being who renounces his own personality, is to me an abnormal phenomenon. It cannot be the high aim of life to preserve lost existences, or to accompany men in their pilgrimage of suffering. The participation in this *misère* evidences a certain kind of weakness. It is a sort of suicide in life, when the man, who is still in the power and vigour of youth, no longer amuses himself with the love of woman; no longer quaffs the wine-cup of passing excitement; sees no children growing up around him to share in the same mad masquerade in which it is pleasanter to have a part than to be lost in ideal reverie. The poetic feeling which casts its flowers over the baldness of life and amuses itself with the most charming humour, presupposes an innate sense of the beautiful, and a power of mind of which this more serious sort of being cannot boast. Olaf is, however, to be praised for his brave efforts.'

'Those who benefit from them may know that,' said Franziska. 'Have no anxiety, there are not many to imitate him; goodness, when it appears in this creative form, demands genius.'

‘My son,’ said the Count, ‘belongs also to this serious sort. He takes his place of authority from pride and ambition; it is all abstraction and no life.’

‘If all were free, healthful, and happy?’ said Franziska.

‘I will not at any rate quarrel with Olympus and its gods,’ said the Count, ‘though I must submit that the graceful Hebe gives me no more of her nectar to drink. You have seen the picture, the ceiling-painting of the Farnesina, in which Psyche, who has wandered till she is weary, is among the gods?’

Franziska smiled. ‘It is a sweetly indifferent look which is given to the poor Psyche in the joyous assembly,’ she said.

‘Psyche is old and wise; Cupid remains always a child,’ said the Count, shrugging his shoulders; ‘but let us leave the soul to go its own way; we have yet to see many a remarkable phenomenon in our age. The time is past when the free mind was threatened with the Inquisition and the stake, when the free word was at once a *deed*; we now need the deed to accompany the *word*. In this sense Olaf may be right.’

‘Ah,’ said Franziska, softly, ‘have there not at all times been men who carry within them a deep

forboding yearning? Those who have loved much and who have suffered much, who have been guilty, and who have wished to redeem themselves by seriousness and repentance? Thus they have reached the one great way.'

The Count looked at Franziska.

'You know, then, of his past?' he said.

'Enough,' said Franziska, with some fire, 'to thank the nobleman who has done much for him, and who has remained true to him.'

The Count glanced at Franziska, and smiled. The enthusiastic expression in her face brought him back to the tone of feeling peculiar to him.

'It seems after all impossible,' he thought, 'that a man of such importance should live under the same roof with an amiable woman, without leaving in her remembrance small expressions of tenderness, agreeable fancies, and enthusiastic memories. We must think of this, and not relinquish all hope, though we are blessed with gout and sometimes with liver complaint and ill-humour.'

And the Count kissed Franziska's hand, gave his arm to his wife, and seated himself with a low sigh in his wheeled chair, to make his usual promenade in this way on the sea shore.

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Franziska, however, went out and sat by the embankment in a sheltered place, where the sea rippled with gentle breakers, and where, in the clearness of the bright summer evening, she could see across to the Halligen.

Her children had found her here, and brought their mussels and marine animals, and dabbled in the damp sand on the dunes. A sailor came with his boat, and the boys went out on the sea, which was glimmering in the evening light. Franziska drew out a letter; it was from her husband, who was coming to fetch her in a few days and she was rejoicing at the thought of seeing him again.

There was a second letter with it, and when she had read it, her eyes filled with tears.

‘It is beautiful to think of thee, Johannes,’ she said softly; ‘to think of all good, all human worth and greatness, because it is in thee! Thou hast chosen no idle path of renunciation; thou hast called to mind thy higher power; thou livest as the poet has beautifully said, “noble, helpful, and good!” Is the guilt atoned for? Must not many bless thee and love thee?’

Franziska sat on the sea-shore till evening. A solemn stillness around her. On this spot *he* had stood on the day when his mother met her death

in the stormy sea off the Halligen. Nobly, as she had died, was he living.

When the first stars twinkled over head, Franziska returned to her dwelling. That which united her soul with him in gratitude and joy, was the object and the high aim of her life. She did not find that it was a small one.

THE END.



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